THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Splendid Reunion of Div. 6 at Qualey's Hall—Installation of the Officers of Div. 1 at Doherty's Hall —An Interesting Programme.

Exercises of Other Divisions Throughout the City—Activity of North Side Hibernians.

Division 6 held a reunion at Qualey's hall, Thirty-eighth and Halsted streets, on the evening of Jan. 16, and had a most enjoyable time, the music being furnished by Prof. Fenton. President McGuire welcomed the visiting brothers and announced a pleasant programme, in which the following took part: Thos. Delany, M. J. Hogan, John Fenton, Messrs. Butler and Hickey, of Div. 19, P. McInerney, M. Mangan and William Fox Kenny. After an eloquent address by Thomas McInerney a recess was taken for refreshments, after which the programme was continued with renewed vigor by M. F. Fanning, with an address on the benefits of the Order, and by Michael T. O'Connor, W. S. Foley, M. Hogan. William Fox Kenny recited "Shamus O'Brien" in his own inimitable style. P. McInerney closed with "God Save Ireland." A notable feature of the occasion was the introduction by M. Golden of the celebrated William Fox Kenny, one of the few survivors of '67 who met and defeated her majesty's Twelfth Lancers at Beary's Cross, county Waterford, Ireland. Though now on the shady side of 60, he can dance a jig, ride a horse, handle a sword or rifle second to none; his only hope is to get another opportunity to strike a blow for the dear old land he loved so well, suffered so much for, and where he was such a terror to evil-doers that the very mention of his name will yet give a rack-renter the palsy.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather of Saturday evening, Jan. 16, the installation of officers of Div. 1 at Doherty's hall, was witnessed by upwards of 200 members of the Order and friends of the members. The capacity of the hall was taxed, and standing room was at a premium. At 8:30 o'clock President-elect M. J. Maloney took the chair, and in a brief but eloquent address welcomed all present and expressed the hope that the programme to be furnished would meet with the approbation of all. John D. Maloney, vice-president of Div. 25, came forward and installed the following officers: President, M. J. Maloney; Vice-President, M. Toohey; Recording Secretary, John Barry; Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt; Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien. The installing officer was assisted by Edward Quinn, of Div. 28, who acted as secretary, and William Barrett, of Div. 7, as sergt.-at-arms. After the officers had taken their respective positions, President Maloney thanked the division for the great honor they had conferred upon him in electing him president three times in succession by acclamation, and he expressed the hope that his conduct in the chair during his term of office would be such that when his term of office expired he could say, the confidence Div. 1 had reposed in him had not been misplaced. He then announced that a programme had been prepared and bespoke for the entertainers the attention their efforts deserved, and in complimentary terms introduced Brother James Flanagan, president of Div. 16, as the chairman of the evening. Brother Flanagan, in taking the chair, was warmly received. He expressed his pleasure at meeting the members of Div. 1, and confessed his great surprise at meeting such an immense audience notwithstanding the very disagreeable weather. After a few pleasing and interesting remarks he announced the following programme: Song, Brother J. J. Hanrahan, of Div. 2; character sketches, James Scully; selections, Orpheus Quartette; recitation, Brother Henry Hitt, of Div. 2; baritone solo, with organ accompaniment, Prof. M. H. Higgins; song, Brother Frank Nicholl, of Div. 28; address, Brother M. J. Maloney, president Div. 1; song, William McNamara; recitation, Brother James Flanagan, of Div. 16; song, Robert Farrell; address, Brother William Sullivan, president Div. 7; song, John Howard; recitation, Brother Henry Hitt; song, J. W. Lockner; "God Save Ireland," by J. J. Hanrahan, the audience rising and joining in the chorus.

It would be unfair to individualize a single performer, every one did his part creditably and all were warmly encored. The programme was worthy of the occasion and reflects the highest credit on Brothers J. Horan, William Territt and Chris McLaughlin, whose energetic efforts produced such a pleasing and acceptable entertainment. Div. 1 is now at the zenith of its glory, numerically and financially its condition is most healthy; a membership of 100 in good standing and a bank account of $400 tells the tale. The officers and members attend the meetings regularly, and this accounts for the harmonious proceedings and constant increase in membership. At the next meeting, Feb. 5, a number of candidates will be initiated, and a cordial invitation is extended to all brethren, and it is hoped a large number of visitors will attend and encourage Div. 1 in its good work. This division will give a grand ball at Apollo ball on St. Patrick's night, and a good time is promised all who attend.

Div. 25 can safely be counted the banner division of the West Side. It has a membership of 150 in good standing and $195 in its treasury, though the division is not more than nine months old, and during its existence has paid a funeral benefit of $50 and several weeks' sick benefit. On Sunday, the 17th inst., its regular meeting was held at which sixty members were present and four candidates were initiated. M. J. Maloney, president of Div. 1, installed the officers for the term as follows: President, Wm. Mulligan; Recording Secretary, Thos. Healion; Financial Secretary, James Egan; Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien; the vice-president-elect was absent. Under Good of the Order eloquent and forcible addresses were delivered by George Gorman, of Div. 7, and M. J. Maloney, of Div. 1, which had the effect of stirring up the enthusiasm and patriotism of the members present.

Div. 37 gave a public installation of officers on Thursday evening, the 21st inst., at Coffey's hall, corner Sixty-third and Halsted streets. About 400 people were present, the greater part of whom were visiting brothers. Div. 26 was well represented in the person of Bro. P. J. Reynolds, who did the honors of inducting the new officers, at the close of which ceremony he delivered a ringing speech. Rev. Father Reynolds, of St. Anne's parish, who has already won for himself an enviable reputation as an orator of a high order, did himself and his subject justice on this occasion. His speech was the acme of patriotism, abounding in many eloquent and stirring passages. It was bold and inspiring, and was most enthusiastically received. A choice literary and musical programme was then rendered, in which several members of the division took part. A song and recitation by Brother M. J. Lawlor were well received. Master Dohney, son of the president, sang pleasingly in a rich tenor voice. Brother Clifford and several other brothers rendered selections from Erin's gems very charmingly. Refreshments were then served. After a vote of thanks had been given to Rev. Father Reynolds and the visiting brothers for their presence, the affair closed by the singing of Ireland's national anthem by the audience.

The postponed installation of the officers of Div. 8 took place at the division hall, 62 North Clark street, on Saturday evening, Jan. 16, the ceremony being performed by Brother Thomas F. Monahan. The two weeks' postponement was quickly availed of by the astute officers who took advantage of the unavoidable delay by sending out circulars to every member of the division, together with a copy of President O'Sullivan's report. The report gave a general review of the growth and prosperity of Div. 8, and was instrumental in waking up many dormant and inactive members. The members also learned that the usual lavish hospitality of Div. 8 would be extended to their friends, and an attendance of almost 130 people showed the wisdom of the act. The following officers were installed to act during this year: President, P. J. O'Sullivan; vice-president, Owen Devaney; recording secretary, John J. Sherlock; financial secretary, Owen J. Cullen; treasurer, R. G. McHugh; sentinel, James Cusack; sergeant-at-arms, Thomas F. Boland; marshal, Michael Doyle. Rev. J. M. Scanlan, who attended, was re-elected chaplain of the division.

In administering the duties of each officer, Brother Monahan very clearly defined the duties and responsibilities attached to every office, and made the ceremony eloquent as well as impressive.

Arrangements were made by the division to hold a raffle on Saturday evening, March 20, at 62 North Clark street, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the maintenance of the widow and children of our deceased brother, Florence McCarthy. It is expected that in this deserving effort the members of Div. 8 will be accorded the support of all who appreciate charitable work, and that a respectable sum will be realized from this voluntary undertaking.

The presentation of three beautiful gold badges also took place. The first was presented to Brother Michael H. Fitzgerald for having secured the greatest number of members for Div. 8 during the year 1896. The presentation speech was made by Brother John J. Sherlock, who congratulated Brother Fitzgerald on his grand success, and expressed the hope that the winner would ever regard this acknowledgment and recognition of earnest work as a tribute of the love and esteem which was entertained for him by the members of Div. 8; also that it might ever serve as an inspiration to him to promote the interests of the A. O. H. in the future as in the past, and that it would stimulate others to emulate the grand achievement of Brother Fitzgerald. A suitable response was made, after which Brother James Conlon, Jr., presented prize No. 2 to Thomas F. Monahan for having made returns for the greatest number of tickets for the recent ball given by Div. 8. The address was pointed, forcible and appropriate, and was in turn responded to by Brother Monahan in sincere words of thanks, and renewed promises of earnest work.

Brother John L. Morrisey presented prize No. 3 to Thomas H. Gillespie, who came second in making returns for ball tickets. Brother Morrisey congratulated the young victor on winning such an elaborate and costly trophy, and urged the other members to work with the same zeal and spirit, that they too might wear those coronets of victory. Brother Gillespie's smooth and flowing eloquence filled the hall in return for his unexpected success, and his efforts in future will be doubled to show his estimation of this reward for merit.

A short literary programme was gone through, which added much to the evening's pleasure. Songs were sung by the ever popular Thos. H. Gillespie and Pat O'Brien, and the encores were long and loud. Rev. Father J. M. Scanlan gave a recitation in that charming and faultless style which always characterizes the true elocutionist. Of course, "the flower of the flock," James E. Mulvey, was there. To any who have ever listened to the genial "star" of the Hibernian dramatic corps this simple statement is as good as if I wrote a book on the subject. To those who have never heard him I cannot attempt to tell of his wonderful gifts. Suffice it to say that he was encored five times. President P. J. O'Sullivan also sang a song which showed his vocal powers to good advantage, and elicited long-continued applause.

Addresses were delivered by James A. Donovan, John L. Morrisey, M. Doyle and R. G. McHugh, after which "God Save Ireland" was sung by Brother Martin Norton, the audience rising and joining in the chorus.

Next regular meeting of Div. 8 at 62 North Clark street, Saturday evening, Feb. 6, at 8:15 o'clock. J. J. S.

OVER-TAXATION.

Ye Irishmen all
In hut, castle and hall,
Who like to be honestly treated,
Come take a bold stand
For the cause of your land
So shamefully swindled and cheated;
Whatever your rank or your station
You're parcel and part of the nation.
And, rich men and poor, it is certain and sure
You are plundered by over-taxation.

Our neighbor, 'tis known,
Has a way of his own
For robbing this fair little island;
By cunning and stealth
He drains it of wealth,
And he makes it an arid and dry land.
We surely have dire provocation,
And reason for fierce indignation.
When the yield of our soil and the fruits of our toil
He grabs by his trick of taxation.

Ye landlords who grieve
That ye do not receive
The rents that your tenants are owing,
Just look at John Bull
With his pockets chock full,
And you'll see where the money is going;
Right well may you make lamentation,
Or thunder out wild objurgation,
When your incomes are clipped and our money is gripped
By a fraudulent over-taxation.

Ye merchants whose trade
[illegible]
You are heavy of heart and no wonder—
For how could you thrive
Or keep business alive
While racked by this system of plunder?
This shameful and sheer confiscation
That tells on our whole population,
And drives them each day in big shiploads away
To escape from distress and starvation.

Ye farmers whose time
With a patience sublime,
You give to your sowing and reaping,
Who find at year's end
You have nothing to spend,
Not a shilling will stay in your keeping;
Who get neither rest nor vacation,
But debts and demands and dictation,
Rise up and declare you no longer will bear
With this ruinous load of taxation.

You womandkind, too,
It is hard upon you,
Fond mothers, wives, sisters and daughters,
That the cash, in whole tons,
Of your husbands and sons,
Should be seized to be spent o'er the waters.
'Tis an act of most vile spoliation,
Deserving the deepest—umbration;
(That is not the word to my my mind that occurred,
But I own that it was not "salvation.")

Let our bravest and best
From north, south, east and west,
In this cause form a phalanx united,
And conquer we must,
For our cause is but just,
And our wrongs will be speedily righted.
We'll soon, with the world's approbation,
Make England pay back to our nation
The sum, large or small, that she thieved from us all
By her system of over-taxation.

—T. D. S., in Dublin Nation.

The Popular Scenic Route

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"PREDOMINANT" PLUNDER.

The English System of Taxing Ireland to Death Explained Interestingly by Mr. Conland of Belfast.

How the Irish Continue to Pay the British Imperial Piper in the Matter of Over-Taxation.

[To the Editor.]

A prominent Ulsterman, highly honored at home, distinguished far and wide as first among the foremost in the fields of administration, diplomacy, oratory, literature and high culture wrote of Ireland: "Some human agency must be accountable for the perennial desolation of a lovely and fertile island blessed by a clement atmosphere and watered by the finest streams." The author of that phrase, and a host of others equally felicitous, is a living disproof of the poet's statement: "Nature broke the die on molding Sheridan."

A foremost statesman, less delicate than Lord Dufferin—English and less nice—gave a local habitation and a name to the "human agency:" "I am afraid that the one thing peculiar to Ireland has been the government of England." An epitome, a forecast in a flash, of the Financial Commission's minutes of evidence. Lord Salisbury would not libel the power which he personifies. Lord Dufferin may be credited with a knowledge of Ireland and of the value of words; anyway, their pregnant sayings may be commended to the serious consideration of students of the subject. "The corpse on the dissecting table of 1855," toste Gavan Duffy.

Another prime minister— a meteoric one—who inherited Mr. Gladstone's shoes and found that they were slippers, made commoner currency of "human agency," "one thing peculiar," when he merged them in the commercial "predominant partner" neologism as a non-enthusiastic witness in the cause which he took over, had thrown over. This author of a memoir of Pitt digged a deep hole when he dropped the phrase: as it is diffidently suggested that the exercise of overwhelming predominancy by one of the united is incompatible with union, one, equal, homogeneous, smacks of the Belgian motto read backwards: La Force Fait l'Union.

The descent from peerage to poorhouse is profound, but typical of Ireland, compacted of startling contrasts, anomalies and paradoxies. A "Belisarius begging a bawbee and, simultaneously, a curmudgeon capitalist seeking to shirk his equitable share of duties. Pitt said that of two peoples, the one with double wealth could bear ten times the burdens of the other. The United Kingdom is credited with ten thousand millions, Ireland's share there of about 4 per cent. Sir Robert Giffen estimates Irish contributory capacity at a thirtieth, £3 6.8 per cent; the payment is £8 6.8, 12 per cent. Mill said that to take £2 from a man with £40 was not the same thing as to take £4 from one with £80 or £40 from one with £800 of income, but that the burden would be greater on the man of small means. Sir Robert Giffen pronounced that to be "common sense." The Irish register-general, Dr. Grimshaw, said there was no higher living authority on economics than Sir Robert Giffen.

On the other hand, a London journalist recently called him "a mere Scotch metaphysician," because this highest authority presumed to exercise his economic skill on what the publicist politely called "The Irish Belisarius." Had he bludgeoned Belisarius with false economics, Sir Robert would likely have been "an enlightened Englishman"—perhaps he would prefer the quasi opprobious title. Such writers have their uses. They make Belisarius buckram-backed, and at the same laughter-bent—though moneyless he is not yet quite mirthless over the Malapropisms, the "confusion of epitaphs" —arithmetic confounded with metaphysics, the "give us a copper" man with the restore me my millions man. They had one thing in common: both had seen better days, more drachmæ. It may be of use to recall Alphonse Karr's stern resolve to advocate abolition of the death penalty—in case the murderers began the business; and to repeat Mark Twain's return to M. Paul Bourget in their recent international bout about words: "Americans can give and take; I did not know that with the French it was all give and no take —and you didn't tell me," ended the "Innocents Abroad," ingenuously. The hint is not needed in the aggrieved country, as press and platform preach moderation of language.

Mulhall attributes an average £46 of income to the British workmen, £23 to the Irish; each pays an equal 10.6 of duty if he drink a gallon of spirits—just double the mulct, relatively. Pitt, Mill and Giffen denounce that as inequitable imposition. Call it "Scotch metaphysics," and the authorities are answered and confounded. Sir William Harcourt, as chancellor of the exchequer, said that in relation to prime cost the beer duty represented 34 per per cent, the spirit duty 700 per cent. If the predominant partner drank beer extensively, and Belisarius spirits, that authoritative statement—no Scotch metaphysics in it—shows inequitable imposition in aggravated form. For, were beer taxed like spirits, on the alcohol contained in it, it would yield not merely ten but fifty millions.

The Irish are advised to abjure alcohol and become rich. Would total abstention secure immunity from taxation in some other form? Would the fixed charges of the Irish establishment be reduced by one penny? Fixed misdescribes a sliding scale ever lengthening, never shortening. Would the income tax go out—it has been an intruder since 1860, was to have paid a seven years' visit, is still here—the twenty-four millions it yielded come in? Would the million added to the civil charges, 1886-92, civilly discharge itself? Would the six to eight hundred thousand tax increase since 1894, "melt, fall and resolve itself into adieu?" Would the Irish sinking fund, twenty-two millions odd, appropriated by the treasury in 1817, float and swim back with interest? Would the sixteen millions taken from the Irish church—disestablished and devalued—be given back? Would Regium Donum be re-established? Would Maynooth be put in as good a position as before 1871? Would the landlords get back the yearly two millions of rout parings? Would the rent of Ulster—naturally the poorest most barren and sterile province—8.1 per acre in excess of the insular average, as sum £1,654,000 for the cultivatable area, be proportioned to capacity? Would the overvaluation of Ulster, 28 per cent plus the three province's datum sum of excess rating £325,000, be rectified in case spirits ceased to be so treated? Would the sixteen millions worth imported by Belfast, or the modicum thereof capable of exclusion, be cut off? Would, for instance, the 1,545 tons of shoes get the boot, to the lasting benefit of cordwainer and country? Would the three millions worth of flax and its products be replaced by native effort? Would the seventy thousand people within a week of the workhouse in Belfast, be put in the wake of wealth? Would Ulster, as six, a million and a half, to Dublin, as one, 250,000, be thus enabled to pay income tax in that ratio, as six to one, instead of a sixth, i. e., U., £164,583; D., £163,573? Would the fifty millions of Irish money circulating in London come home to restore Belisarius' atrophied circulation?

"A heart where dilitation and hypertrophy are seen,
And lungs with countless tubercles upon them and between."

Would the absentee drain be dried up by surcease of drain down? Would pensioners, [illegible] support five millions as in 1841, 26 times half that number as in 1881? Would the three and three-quarter millions, nearly a million of them from Ulster, who emigrated in the forty years ending 1891, come back to Erin with their progeny?

Not likely, as, and for other reasons, under the homestead law, the United States, in thirty years, entered into competition ruinous to Ireland, fourteen times its cultivatable area, 204,000,000 acres of fertile, virgin and free soil, and of the 70,000,000 in the United States 24,000,000 are engaged in agriculture. Western free soil competition has ruined New England farmers by wholesale. The "deserted farms of the East," has passed into a proverbial expression. No, the Irish who have secured homesteads out West on land which, "tickled with a hoe laugh a harvest," will not rush back to wrestle with perennial desolation, tempered by the predominant partner, prohibition, celibacy, e tutti quanti.

P. C. Conland,
Belfast, Ireland.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Brien were entertained Monday evening at the home of their daughter, Mrs. John Callahan, 262 South Halsted street. The occasion was the fifty-second anniversary of their wedding, and their children and grandchildren assembled to do them honor. After the old couple had received many presents and congratulations an enjoyable evening was spent in singing and dancing.

The family of Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien consists of twelve children, all of whom, with two exceptions, live in Chicago and took part in the celebration. The sons are Officers Michael O'Brien of the central station, Sergt. P. D. O'Brien of the sixth precinct, Maurice and John O'Brien of Colorado, and C. J., Wm. and Thomas O'Brien. The daughters are Mrs. C. Clark, Mrs. N. Craney, Mrs. P. Faley, Mrs. John Callahan and Mrs. P. Gunn of Nebraska.

Mr. O'Brien was born in Ireland in 1815, and came to America with his parents when 15 years old. Among those who took part in the celebration were: Messrs. and Mesdames Walter Shea, James Higgins, A. A. Lent, John Coyne, John O'Neill, Wm. O'Brien, Edward Coyle and James Craney. Misses Anna Shea, Katie Murphy, Mary Murphy, Mary Early, Nellie Early, Lizzie O'Neill, Nellie Foley, Ellen Loftus, May Clark, Fanny Crawford, Belle Rice, May Callahan. Messrs. Dr. A. M. Thorpe, J. C. Kehoe, James McGinnis, James Barron, D. O'Brien, M. O'Neill, Dr. C. H. Wachter, Dr. M. L. Cranmer, John Leinsetter, Peter Keys, Alex. Mollard, Eugene O'Hara.

Blushing Is a Disease

The doctor who says that blushing is a nervous disease may be all right, but many would like to see the ailment more prevalent. Blushes are a good thing, but no one has any reason to blush for St. Paul & Duluth Railroad, for its equipment is always of the latest and best, and it is always in the foremost rank. This is attested by the wide popularity enjoyed by the Duluth Short Line among those who travel between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls and other important Northwestern points, and this popularity has never weakened for an instant. Fast, luxurious trains running smoothly at convenient hours, are appreciated by the general public, and the results tell their own story. For circulars, maps, time tables and general information, apply to ticket agents or write to W. A. Russell, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE CELEBRATION.

The total abstinence movement received a decided impetus by reason of the musical entertainment, gived under the joint auspices of the St. Rose Ladies' and Young Men's Total Abstinence societies, at Cathedral School hall, corner Cass street and Chicago avenue, on Thursday evening, Jan. 21. The hall, which is a large one, was crowded to the doors, and the entertainment was a decided success in every particular. Walter J. Gibbons, president of the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society, presided. The principal number of the programme was the address of Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, of St. Louis, third vice-president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, which was a remarkably effective one, being a splendid exposition of the necessity of total abstinence among our people. Another pleasing number and which, by the way, made a decided hit, was an essay by Master James J. Kelly of the Holy Name Cadets. The programme was a splendid one, every number being encored. The following was the programme:

Address by the chairman, Walter J. Gibbons; piano solo, Miss K. Hyland; vocal solo, accompanied by violin, Master Willie Ronayne, of the Holy Name Cadets; mandolin trio, the Misses Magian and Miss Genner; Essay, "Why I Am a Total Abstainer," Master James J. Kelly of Holy Name Cadets, and presentation of medal by Rev. James M. Scanlan; recitation, Miss Henrietta Isham; humorous recitations, Samuel E. Erickson; fancy dancing, Miss Jessie Carey; address, Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, third vice-president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America; vocal solo, Miss May DeSouza; vocal solo, Mr. J. Lynch.

As a result of the meeting a large number of applications for membership were handed in, and a great many more are expected. By means of entertainments of this kind, given from time to time under the auspices of the Total Abstinence societies, we confidently expect to create a healthy sentiment in that the greatest barrier in the way of our people achieving success in their different avocations is the vice of intemperance. G. W.

Letter of Thanks.

The following letter of thanks has been filed with Theodore B. Thiele, High Secretary of the Catholic Order of Foresters, and explains itself:

Chicago, Jan. 8, 1897.—Theodore B. Thiele, High Secretary C. O. F.—Dear Sir: I am constrained to express to your Order my heartiest appreciation and gratitude for the exceeding promptness and despatch with which I have been cared for, on the part of the Order, since the death of my husband, James McNeill, who was a member of Blessed Sacrament Court No. 188. He died at noon on Jan. 4, 1897, and within four hours thereafter the sum of $40 was placed in my hands by an officer of the court, and today the treasurer of the court handed me a check for $1,000 in payment of the endowment. With sincere thanks, and with earnest wishes for the success and welfare of your noble Order, I am

Respectfully yours,
Margaret McNeill,
541 Moore street.

Catholic Benevolent Legion.

Holy Angels' Council No. 243, Catholic Benevolent Legion, at its annual election at Kenwood hall, 4308 Cottage Grove avenue, elected the following officers, who were installed by State President T. D. Hurley: President, P. Leonard; Vice-President, John Kelly; Orator, James Plunkett; Secretary, C. W. Hart; Treasurer, S. J. Sheehan; Guard, Frank Smith; Marshal, Thomas F. McHugh; Chancellor, Bernard McHugh; Trustees, J. S. Hummer, J. J. Farrelly and M. C. Leyden; Representative to State Council, Bernard McHugh; Alternate, William Kirby. After the regular meeting an entertainment was given, followed by a supper.

Isabella Court's Reception.

Isabella Court No. 8, Women's Catholic Order of Foresters, gave its annual reception and ball last Tuesday night at the West Chicago club. The grand march was led by Alfred Lynch, with Miss Julia O'Leary, and the music was furnished by the Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew band. The officers of Isabella Court are: Chief Ranger, Mrs. Nellie Butterfield; Vice Chief Ranger, Mrs. Mary Butler; Recording Secretary, Tessie Murphy; Financial Secretary, Maggie Henry; Treasurer, Mrs. Hanora Foley.

AGENTS WANTED.

The Memorial of the New Movement Convention, or the Lives and Times of Illustrious and Representative Irishmen, containing 130 beautiful engravings. Introduction by John F. Finerty. "It should be in the hands of every Irishman."—The Republic, New York City. "No Irish Nationalist should be without a copy of Mr Fanning's book."—The Citizen, Chicago. "A valuable book."—Trades Journal, Pittsburg. "Every person who takes an interest in Irish National organizations should secure a copy."—Irish Penny Journal, Pittsburg.

M. F. Fanning, Publisher,
269 Dearborn-st., Chicago.

IS VERY UNCERTAIN.

THE COURSE OF EVENTS IN THE SENATE THIS WEEK.

Turpie Will Tackle the Cuban Question—International Monetary Conference to Come Up Today—Likelihood of Amendment of the Canal Measure.

Washington, Jan. 25.—The senate programme this week is rendered decidedly uncertain by the condition of the Nicaragua canal bill. With that measure out of the way the bankruptcy bill would probably be given the right of way earlier in the week, but even with the road cleared to the extent of the removal of the Nicaragua bill it is not probable that any headway would be made with the bankruptcy bill before Wednesday. The time of the senate after 3 o'clock today will be devoted to eulogies upon the late Speaker Crisp, and the time previous to that hour after the disposal of the routine morning business will be consumed by Turpie in a speech discussing the Cameron resolution. It is known that Senator Turpie will take radical ground favorable to Cuban recognition, and it is hinted that he will take occasion to criticise Olney's position sharply.

Cuba May Come in for Oratory.

Turpie's speech may prove to be the first of several on the Cuban question, but the committee on foreign relations is manifesting no disposition to press the resolutions to a vote. Tomorrow Chandler expects to secure a vote on his bill providing for the representation of this country at an international monetary conference. There will be several short speeches and more or less running debate on the measure, but it is believed that all substitutes and amendments will be voted down and the bill passed before the close of the day set for its consideration. Cameron has a substitute requiring the government to take the initiative in calling a conference, which may give the movers of the original bill more or less trouble.

Will Fight for the Canal Bill.

Morgan will make a strenuous effort to prevent the Nicaragua canal bill from losing its place as the unfinished business on the calendar, and it is understood will submit amendments which will meet the demands of those who hold that the bill requires further work by committee in view of the new position of Nicaragua as developed by Senor Rodrigues's letter. Which would seem to indicate that Morgan is not so belligerent now as he was Friday when the Rodriguez letter was announced in the senate, when he wanted "this minister" to send his statement "back to his government."

House Likely to Discuss Immigration.

The most interesting feature of the house programme for the coming week, unless the Nicaragua canal bill should receive consideration (which in view of the recent complications seems entirely improbable), will be the fight against the conference report on the immigration bill. Bartholdt of Missouri, who made an ineffectual attempt to prevent the bill from going to conference, will lead the opposition to the bill as agreed on by the conferees. There seems to be little doubt that the [illegible] will be triumphant in the end, as the sentiment in favor of an immigration bill in the house is, as shown by the votes on previous occasions, in a strong majority. Nevertheless Bartholdt proposes to do all in his power to defeat the conference report.

May Kill That Peace Treaty.

Washington, Jan. 25.—Quite an important as its effect upon the Nicaragua bill itself is the influence which Rodrigues's communication is likely to have upon the Anglo-American arbitration treaty. Many senators believe that the new position assumed by the Central American powers is the result of British influence, and the effect is to cause those who hold this belief to stand aloof from any alliance with England. Members of the committee on foreign relations freely express the opinion in private conversation that the effect of the communication will be entirely against the treaty.

Jones Appeals to Idaho Democrats.

Washington, Jan. 25.—Senator Jones, of Arkansas, has sent a message to the silver men of the Idaho legislature saying: "Upon a full review of the situation today is the same that was fought in the last campaign and that the interest of the national Democracy demands the election of Dubois, who with Teller and others led the silver Republicans out of the Republican party. His defeat by Democratic votes, or by the failure to obtain them, will not only affect our party in the senate, but will weaken and dissipate our strength in the west and central west."

Senator George Dangerously Ill.

Washington, Jan. 25.—United States Senator James Z. George, of Mississippi, is dangerously ill from heart failure at the Garfield hospital in this city, and owing to his advanced age his friends are very apprehensive of the outcome.

Returned from a Duck-Shooting Trip.

Washington, Jan. 25.—The president returned from a duck shooting trip down the Potomac late Saturday night. He spent Saturday at Colonel Waller's famous ducking grounds at Widewater, near Quantico, Va., and had a fair day's luck.

Prominent Lawyer Kills Himself.

Milan, Tenn., Jan. 25.—Hon. Sam W. Rankin was found in his barn, cold in death, having committed suicide. He had been in good health and spirits apparently, and seemed perfectly sane at his office and home, and no theory of insanity has been advanced. Rankin was attorney for the Illinois Central railroad and one of the foremost chancery lawers of Tennessee. Financial reverses probably.

Iowa Coal Troubles Nearing Settlement.

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 22.—At a meeting of mine operators yesterday it was agreed to pay the price demanded by the striking miners—70 to 80 cents per ton. The miners accepted it as a satisfactory solution. The matter now lies with the Oak Park operators, who did not take part in the meeting. It is believed that they will agree to the rate.

Against Sunday Base Ball.

Austin, Tex., Jan. 22.—The house of the Texas legislature has practically settled Sunday base ball playing by passing a bill prohibiting it.

LAWMAKERS AT WORK.

Synopsis of Proceedings in the Senate and House.

Washington, Jan. 21.—The senate yesterday continued consideration of the Nicaraguan canal bill, Turpie continuing his speech in opposition. The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, carrying approximately $23,000,000, was passed. Pettigrew severely criticised the executive authorities for concluding the Venezuela boundary agreement, which he said was a complete surrender of Venezuela to Great Britain. His resolution calling on the secretary of state for information was referred. Unanimous agreement was secured for taking up the bill for an international monetary conference on Tuesday next.

The house spent the day debating the contested election case of Yost vs. Tucker from the Tenth Virginia district. The committee is divided on the case and the speeches were rather warm, but not sensational. The case was not concluded. The conference report on the army bill was agreed to.

Washington, Jan. 2.—[illegible] tried in the senate to have a day fixed for the vote on the Nicaragua bill, but the opposition showed an indication to filibuster and he threatened to "sit it out." A quroum failed, however, and he gave it up for the day. Turpie finished his speech against the bill. Chandler presented the credentials of J. Edward Addicks, of Delaware, for which seat Dupont's claim has been presented. Hill spoke against monopolies.

The house did nothing important except to vote—127 to 119—that Tucker was entitled to the seat for the Tenth Virgina district and Yost was not. Fifty-four Republicans voted for Tucker. The speaker had to count a quorum several times on acocunt of filibustering.

Washington, Jan. 23.—The whole session of the senate was devoted to discussion of the Anglo-American arbitration treaty and the Nicaragua canal. The sentiment on the treaty was that it was a good thing, but should be carefully examined for a "nigger in the woodpile." The canal came up in a communication from the minister of the Greater Republics to Secretary Olney stating that the bill before the senate was violative of the conditions of the concession by Nicaragua. Morgan did most of the talking and declared that he could see Great Britain's hand in the move; atacked the president and declared that the arbitration treaty could not be ratified unless this move was explained. Adjourned to today.

The house put in the day on private bills, except to pass over the president's veto the bill for a term of the United States court at Beamont, Tex. A number of private and pension bills bills passed, including one giving the widow of Green Clay Smith $50 a month. Adjourned to Monday.

Washington, Jan. 26.—In the senate Turpie spoke on Cuba, giving Weyler another "hot roast," and arguing that congress was supreme in recognition of foreign nations because it is supreme in admitting states into the Union. A memorial was presented from Delaware asking investigation into the alleged electoral fraud in that state. Eulogies were pronounced on the late Representative Crisp.

The house did business for the District most of the day and made fair progress on the Indian bill. Johnson of Indiana spoke for bank reform and protection.

NINE MEN LOST IN THE WRECK.

Life Savers Try in Vain to Shoot a Line Aboard the Vessel.

New York, Jan. 22.—For hours yesterday the life-savers at Quoque, L. I., tried to rescue the crew of the schooner Nahum Chapin, of Rockland, Me., coal laden, which went ashore in the surf there. The breakers were so high that it was impossible to launch a life-boat and recourse was had to the life-line gun. The crew, nine men, could be seen in the rigging and three attempts were made to shoot a line to them. Each was a failure, however, principally because the crew was too benumbed to catch the line.

Every time it was shot it reached the vessel, but slipped off before the men could catch it. As it landed on the schooner the last time the last of the men were seen to fall into the sea.

Cubans Defeat the Spaniards.

Cincinnati, Jan. 23.—A special to The Commercial-Tribune from Key West, Fla., says: News was received in Havana yesterday from Cuban sources that a fight ocurred at Pijua, Matanza province, last week in which the Spanish lost 100 men killed and wounded. They were attacked by Captain Morenzios's band of Cuban guerrillas at daybreak, while marching to reinforce a Spanish garrison there and but for the aid extended from Pijua would have been cut to pieces.

Weather Is Very "Seasonable."

Chicago, Jan. 26.—The weather from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic is just now very seasonable. Some specimen temperatures are as follows: Rockford, Ills., 26 below; Des Moines, Ia., 17; Racine, Wis., 22; LaCrosse, Wis., 28; Duluth, 32; Virginia—on the Minnesota ranges—51; Tower, 42; Winona, Minn., 25; Cedar Rapids, Ia., 22; Ottawa, Ont., 27; St. Paul, 26; Bismarck, N. D., 30, with a 30-mile wind. In this city at 8 p. m. yesterday the thermometer marked 12 below.

Greatest Blockade Since 1881.

Huron, S. D., Jan. 26.—The most complete snow blockade in the history of this portion of the northwest since 1881 now prevails. Saturday and Sunday's storm covered this portion of the state between the Missouri and Sioux rivers and north into North Dakota. The eastbound express is held at Highmore since Saturday morning with forty passengers.

Fire Wipes Up $100,000.

Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 26.—Fire last night destroyed the Dillaye block and part of the Butler block and damaged the Keeler block. The following stores were burned out: W. W. Kimball company, piano and organs; New York Cloak house; Palmer's millinery stores. Total loss about $100,000; mostly insured.

Reason for the Receivership.

West Superior, Wis., Jan. 22.—The Russell-Miller receivership which was applied for in the federal courts at Fargo, N. D., and Madison, Wis., as stated by officials here, is not on account of financial difficulty, but through disagreement of the stockholders.

WOULD ACCEPT THE POSITION.

Lyman J. Gage Says He Has Not Been Offered the Treasury Post.

Chicago, Jan. 25. — The following statement was made to the Associated Press by Lyman J. Gage: "In view of the statements and queries current in the public press relating my name in connection with the secretaryship of the treasury I deem it proper to say: First, that I have not been tendered the appointment to that position; second, should the office be tendered me I should not feel at liberty to decline it; third, if McKinley is considering my name in connection with the treasury portfolio, but shall finally determine upon some other man for that high office, I shall feel no sense of disappointment or chagrin, but shall congratulate myself that personal sacrifice in many directions will not required of me."

Regarding his political affiliations Gage said: "I'm a Democrat in the sense that I believe in government of, for, and by the people. I don't believe in paternalism in government. As to parties, I never voted any other than a Republican ticket except once, in 1884, when I voted for Cleveland. The platform of the last Republican convention embodies my political ideas as applied to the issues before the country. I believe in raising revenue by customs dues, so levied as to promote general welfare by equalizing the difference between American and foreign labor. The protection of American labor from the degradation of the wage level of other lands is certainly most desirable. Taxation should be ordered, however, so as not to foster monopoly, breed trusts, or favor the few at the expense of the navy."

A new aspirant for the treasury portfolio has been developed by the New England senators at Washington. They have agreed to unite in the recommendation of Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Massachusetts, for the office. This conclusion was reached after a series of conferences in which the entire New England delegation in the senate participated. Hoar led in the movement, and made it his business to see all the New England senators and present to them the advantages of having a man from the eastern states in this responsible position. The movement was precipitated by the presence of ex-Senator Cheney, of New Hampshire, and General Welles and Mr. Dalton, of Massachusetts, in the city on their way home from Canton, whither they went in Coolidge's behalf. These gentlemen reported to the senators that while they had received no positive assurance from McKinley they felt that the contest for the appointment lay between that gentleman and Gage and that the outlook was very encouraging.

TERRIBLY COLD AT CHICAGO.

Many Poor Families Found Nearly Frozen to Death—Sunday Relief.

Chicago, Jan. 25.—According to the records of the weather bureau yesterday was the coldest day in Chicago in thirteen years. Only twice since the Chicago station has been established has there been so low a maximum temperature recorded. At 8 o'clock [illegible] reported 13 degrees below and at 3:30 this morning a private observation on the street showed nineteen below. The suffering among the poorer class is intense, and a number of cases of destitution were reported to the police. At Grand Crossing thirty-three families, with eighty-six children, were found in their poorly protected hovels, unable to care for themselves, their ears, noses and hands whitened and benumbed by cold.

In South Chicago five families were found actually freezing to death. These found actually freezing to death. A number of other cases were found in other parts of the city. To aid the poor on account of the extreme severity of the weather the county coal contractor delivered 400 loads of coal to destitute families. This is the first time such a delivery has been made Sunday. Food and clothing were also given out.

Reports from the west and northwest show very low temperatures—at St. Paul, 18 below; at Helena, Mont., 14; at Bismarck, N. D., and Winnipeg, Man., 24; Duluth, 18; Detroit, 5; in the upper peninsula of Michigan, 15.

Train Robbery in the South.

Memphis, Ten., Jan. 22.—A special to The Commercial-Appeal from Columbus, Miss., says: The west-bound passenger train on the Southern railway was held up near Berry, Ala., about 7 o'clock last night, the robbers stealing several valuable express packages and two or three jugs of liquor. This is the same place where a similar robbery was committed on Dec. 16 last, and it is supposed that this robbery was commited by the same parties.

All Depositors To Be Paid.

Pottsdam, N. Y., Jan. 26.—The Pottsdam National bank, with a capital stock of $250,000, was closed by a national bank examiner, yesterday. A notice on the door reads: "All depositors will be paid in full." The failure of the Pearcefield Falls Pulp and Paper company about a week ago is said to have caused the bank's failure.

Americans Expelled from Germany.

Berlin, Jan. 25.—An unusual number of expulsions of American citizens from Germany have lately been ordered, one case being that of Max Siemens, who kept a well-known cigar store in this city. Ten American citizens were expelled last week. The embassy is powerless to do anything in the matter.

Anderson Defeats Farnsworth Again.

Indianapolis, Jan. 26.—Tillie Anderson defeated Dottie Farnsworth in a ten-mile bicycle race here last night. The time was 24:31. Helen Baldwin defeated Mattie Christopher at the same distance in 27:13. The victory of Miss Baldwin gave her fourth position in the six-day race of last week.

Cold Wave at Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, Jan. 25.—The cold wave has this city by the throat the thermometer at the weather office registering 5 below zero at 7 o'clock last evening. The natural gas pressure was very low, and as all residents depend upon it for fuel there was great suffering.

Woman Suffrage Bill Defeated.

Guthrie, O. T., Jan. 26.—The woman suffrage bill was defeated in the house of the territorial legislature yesterday by a decisive vote.

Carriage Factory Burned.

New York, Jan. 25.—Fire has destroyed the carriage factory of Charles Grube at Rahway, N. J. Loss, $30,000.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Summary of Important Events of the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph for the Benefit of Our Readers—Items of Special Interest to Illinois People.

Springfield, Ills., Jan. 21.—The finishing touches to the work of making William E. Mason United States senator were added by the members of the legislature assembled in joint session yesterday afternoon. Mason's name was put before the joint session by Representative Sharrock and seconded by Kincheloe. Altshuler nominated Altgeld and in seconding the latter Peter Gallagher said: "I rise to second the nomination of a man who, if here, could speak for himself—if he had a chance—John P. Altgeld." There were a number of other seconds and when the speech-making was done the roll was called, resulting as follows: Mason—Senate, 37; house, 88; total, 125. Altgeld—Senate, 13; house, 64; total, 77. Speaker Curtis then formally declared W. E. Mason elected senator in the national congress.

Resolutions were adopted by the joint session favoring Senator Cullom for a position in McKinley's cabinet. The resolutions eulogize the senator, declaring him eminently qualified as an advisor of the chief executive of the nation. The resolutions earnestly urge Cullom for a portfolio, but do not specify any particular one.

In the senate little business was done after the senatorial election. In the house a Chicago member introduced a bill to force Chicago street railways to give rides for less than the contract price with the city, and another member introduced a Cuban recognition resolution. A number of bills were introduced.

Springfield, Ills., Jan. 26.—The house met at 5 o'clock last evening, but adjourned immediately for the day. When the senate met at 5 o'clock neither the lieutenant governor nor the president pro tempore was present. There being no quorum the senate adjourned for the day without transacting any business.

LET HIM BE DULY HANGED, TOO.

Miscreant That Should Not Be Allowed to Cumber the Earth.

Galesburg, Ills., Jan. 26.—Anson Gregory was ordered by the coroner's jury committed to jail without bail for the murder of his wife. It was one of the most brutal murders in the history of the county. Jan. 13, while drunk, Greory seized her by the throat, bent her over the stove corner and a box, and kicked and beat her, causing internal injuries from which she died Sunday night. Gregory was a once prosperous farmer, but took to drinking until his family was reduced to destitution and his wife washed to get food for her small children.

Injunction Against a Railway.

Springfield, Ills., Jan. 25.—In the United States circuit court Judge Allen, upon application of the Central Machine and Foundry company, of Quincy, issued an injunction restraining the Quincy, Omaha and Kansas City and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad companies from discontinuing the through freight line which has been maintained between Quincy and Chicago by way of the former road to Hurdland, Mo., where the road connected with the Santa Fe. The roads in question are also enjoined from refusing freight by that line. The Santa Fe wishes to break the traffic agreement.

Illinois Grand Army.

Galesburg, Ills., Jan. 26.—Preparations are being made to entertain the delegates and the hosts of their friends who are to attend the annual encampment which is to be held here May 4, 5 and 6. Miron Rhodes is chairman of the executive committee, with Phil Post, Jr., son of General Post, deceased, as acting secretary. Lake W. Sanborn is on the entertaining committee. Colonel L. S. Lambert, M. D., heads the reception committee. F. A. Freer is chairman of the camp-fire committee, and Henry Emrich, editor of The Plaindealer, is chairman of the invitation committee.

Illinois Coal Mine Statistics.

Springfield, Ills., Jan. 25.—The Illinois state board of labor has just completed its annual report and sent the advance sheets to the public printer. The annual coal report shows that while coal mined in three counties was less than in 1895, the aggregate receipts were $1,570,579 more than for 1895 and the grand total output was 2,050,762 tons more than for the same period. The number of employes killed was only two more than for 1895.

Light Fines for Riotous Students.

Champaign, Ills., Jan. 25.—Student George Morrison pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct and was fined $3 and costs. Pease, who threw the chemicals, stood trial, and Saturday was fined $10 and costs on the same charge. Miss Radebaugh's condition is serious, but she is apparently improving. If President Draper carries out his positive declarations made Friday night, all the guilty ones will get a severe punishment.

Cheered the Verdict.

Decatur, Ills., Jan. 22.—The jury in the case of Joseph Meyers, charged with the murder of August Heckelman, rendered a verdict of not guilty after being out only three hours. The verdict meets popular sentiment. The court room was crowded and there were cheers when the verdict was announced.

Rev. Morley Found Guilty.

Fulton, Ills., Jan. 25.—The trial of the Rev. R. A. Morley, ex-president of the Northern college, which has been in progress a week before Presiding Elder Sweet, behind closed doors, is ended. Morley was found guilty of conduct unbecoming a minister.

State Notes.

Charles H. Rathman tried to bribe Judge Freeman, of Chicago, by sending his honor $100. Judge Freeman committed him to the county jail for sixty days for contempt of court.

Charles Poscharsky of Princeton, Ills., while hunting rabbits was shot accidentally, and died from his injuries.

Joseph Capacino was killed in a coal shaft at Coal City, Ills., by falling slate.

W. A. Brown, a wealthy farmer of Carlinville, Ills., committed suicide by shooting.

TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

Train Goes Through a High Trestle, Kills Four Men and Wounds Others.

Butler, Pa., Jan. 25.—Saturday afternoon, one-half mile east of Shippenville, Clarion county, occurred one of the most frightful wrecks in the history of the Pittsburg and Western railroad, in which four trainmen lost their lives and many passengers were seriously injured. The dead and probable dying are as follows: Killed—Daniel J. Moriarty, Foxburg, engineer; Ira Beatty, Foxburg, fireman; William S. Copeley, Butler, mail agent. Injured—Thomas Rainey, Foxburg, baggagemaster, arm broken; James Tonks, Foxburg, conductor, injured internally; Ned Clark, Foxburg, trainmaster, arm broken; Charlie Carruthers, Butler, newsboy, injured on head; twelve passengers, names unknown. The remaining passengers marvelously escaped with slight injuries.

It was discovered later that Brakeman George Wise, of Foxburg, was also killed. Conductor Touks is not expected to live. The only names that can be learned of those among the passengers who were injured are: Walter Johnson, shoe salesman, of Pittsburg, cut about face and head; F. A. Knox, hurt internally; Miss C. B. Hellock, of Allegheny City, ankle broken; Griff Clark, of Clarion, cut about head, and Miss Annie McCarthy, of Tylerville, head and face cut.

This terrible accident occurred immediately at the sharp curve upon the high trestle which spans Paint creek at this point. The train was composed of baggage, mail and three passenger coaches—all went down. At the fatal curve, without a moment's warning to the fireman and engineer, the whole trestle gave way, precipitating the load fully seventy feet to the depth below.

Chicago Cycling Show Booming.

Chicago, Jan. 26.—The national cycle show is now in full operation and arrangements are perfect for the comfort of visitors at the Coliseum, where it is being held. Every nook and corner of the big structure is properly heated, and the frosts and wintry blasts without are soon forgotten as visitors follow the hundreds of interesting displays.

Lowest in Many Years.

Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 26. — Sunday night the temperature fell to the lowest point in this country recorded for years. Fifty below zero was generally reported from the Red river to Banff in the mountains. The weather is now moderating considerably. William Tisdale, a farmer near Morden was frozen to death in Friday's blizzard.

Transportation for Bicycles.

Montreal, Jan. 26.—The Grand Trunk railway has put in force a new regulation regarding bicycle fares. In future wheelmen will be charged a tariff for transportation of their wheels varying according to distance, in proportion to the rate paid for the passenger's ticket, no fee being less than 25 cents.

Fire in a Boy's Orphanage.

Council Bluffs, Ia., Jan. 25.—Fire yesterday morning partially destroyed the boy's dormitory of the Christian Home orphanage. One hundred boys were rescued. The firemen had a terrible combat with the cold.

Beet Sugar in Wisconsin.

Madison, Jan. 26.—In the senate last evening a bill was introduced to give half a cent state bounty on beet sugar per pound, a quarter to go to the grower and a quarter to the maker.

Fifteen Places, 3,500 Aspirants.

Springfield, Ills., Jan. 26.—Governor Tanner has fifteen appointments to important positions to make. To fill these fifteen places there have been up to date upward of 3,500 applications.

Lutheran Church Burned.

Hartford, Wis., Jan. 26.—The Lutheran church burned here at 12 o'clock Sunday night. The fire caught from the overheated furnace. The loss will be heavy.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25

Money on call nominally 1½@2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 3½@4 per cent.; sterling exchange was easier, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¼@487 for demand and 484¼@484½ for sixty days; posted rates, 485@485½; commercial bills, 483¾.

Silver certificates, 65@65¼; no sales, bar silver, 64¼; Mexican dollars, 50¾.

United States government bonds firm; 4's registered, 121½; do. coupons, 122¾; 5's registered, 113¼; do. coupons, 114½; 4's registered, 111¾; do coupons, 112; 2's registered, 96. Pacific 6's of '96, 106½.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Jan. 25

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—January, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 84¼c, closed 79¼c; July, opened 76¼c, closed 75¾c. Corn—January, opened nominal, closed 23½c; May, opened 24c, closed 23½c; July, opened 25½c closed 25c. Oats—January, opened 15¾c, closed 15¼c; May, opened 18c, closed 17½c. Pork—January; opened and closed nominal; May, opened $8.05, closed $8.00. Lard—January, opened nominal, closed nominal; May, $4.07½, closed $4.05.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 19½c per lb.; extra dairy, 17c per lb.; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 15c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 8@12c per lb.; chickens (hens), 6@7c; roosters, 4@4½c; ducks, 9@10½c; geese, 6@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 25@25c per bu.; Hebrons, 18@22c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.00@1.15 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 10@12c per lb.; extracted, 6@7c. Apples—Common to fancy, 80@$1.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Jan. 25.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 38,000; sales ranged at $3.20@3.57½ pigs, $3.35@3.60 light, $3.25@3.05 rough packing, $3.35@3.55 mixed, and $3.35@3.50 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; quotations ranged at $4.90@5.40 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.45@4.90 good to choice do., $3.90@4.40 fair to good, $3.60@4.05 common to medium do, $3.50@3.90 butchers's steers, $3.00@3.60 stockers, $3.55@4.05 feeders, $1.75@3.70 cows, $2.40@4.15 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.80@4.20 Texas steers, and $2.75@5.00 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 13,000; sales ranged at $2.40@3.85 western, $2.25@3.40 Texans, $2.00@3.90 natives and $3.5@5.10 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 25.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 76½c; No. 1 northern, 79c; May, 79½c. Corn—No. 3, 20½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 18½@19½c. Barley—No. 2, 33½@34c; samples, 24½@33½c. Rye—No. 1, 38c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 25.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 80¼c bid; track, 80@80c; May, 80½c bid. Corn—No. 2 cash, 19½c asked; May, 21½@21¾c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 15½c; May, 18½c asked. Rye—34c bid track.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Jan. 25.

Wheat—Cash white, 80½c bid; cash red, 80½c bid; May, 81½c bidd; July, 79c asked.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Jan. 20.

A New York auction firm advertises that it will knock down to the highest bidder a quantity of furniture, bric-a-brac, etc., recently the property of William Waldorf Astor, now a resident of England.

Chairman A. Roselle, of St. Louis, of the Populist party, has received a letter from Paul Vandervoort, of Omaha, Neb., curtly suspending him from membership in the National Reform Press association on acount of alleged insubordination.

The Populist house of Washington has unseated a Republican member and seated the Populist contestant, which gives the Populists a majority of one on joint ballot.

Arthur Duestrow, a wealthy St. Louis man, foully murdered his wife and babe about three years ago has just had his sentence to death affirmed by the state supreme court and it is possible that he may yet be hanged.

Andrew Carnegie together with other capitalists from Pittsburg, Cleveland and Canada, has acquired 4,100 acres of coal territory in the Monongahela.

Thursday, Jan. 21.

Fire destroyed the newly-equipped flour mill and elevator of the Consolidated Milling company and a large four-story vacant frame building at Peterboro, Ont. The loss will be between $60,000 and $70,000.

The New York board of health has placed pulmonary tuberculosis on the list of infectious diseases.

The Amite City, La., mob hanged all three of the murderers it took out of jail there Tuesday night. It was proposed to burn one or two of them, but for some reason this part of the show was left out. The men were all negroes, and two of them were permitted to have a fist fight on the brink of the grave, as it were. Another interesting feature of the entertainment was that confession of the crime was obtained by torture.

Edward J. Ivory, arrested in Great Britain as an Irish-American dynamiter, has been acquitted at the motion of the crown lawyers, who have just discovered that they cannot make certain dates agree with his guilt.

Friday, Jan. 22.

The wedding of Miss Lucile, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Foster, to Hon. Benton McMillin, of Tennessee, took place at Shreveport, La., Wednesday.

The mayor of Atchison, Kas., has vetoed an ordinance forbidding the wearing of high hats in theatres. He holds that it is an unjust discrimination against women.

The whole grocery store of Charles E. Moody in Boston was destroyed by fire. Loss, $125,000.

A bottle was picked up on South beach, about seven miles from St. Augustine, Fla., containing a message that the bark Ladras, from Boston, had foundered at sea on Jan. 15.

The Portuguese government has chartered a company with a capital of $6,813,000 to construct and operate a railway from Killiman to a point on the British Central African border just above the rapids on the Ruo, a distance of about 200 miles.

Barney Thole was run down by a switch engine and instantly killed at Mason City, Ia.

Saturday, Jan. 23.

The government of India has ordered the stoppage, on Feb. 2, of all pilgrim traffic from Bombay and Karachi on account of the plague.

The comptroller of the currency has appointed Robert A. Courtney receiver of the German National bank at Louisville.

Sir Isaac Pitman, the inventor of the system of shorthand writing which bears his name, died at London yesterday. He has been suffering several years from a complication of troubles.

Changes and dismissals are daily occurring on the Grand Trunk railway under the new management and aggrieved employes will bring up the matter before the railway union.

The Grand Central railway station at New York is to be rebuilt at a cost of $500,000.

Lieutenant Hugh D. Wise, of the Ninth infantry, U. S. A., made the most successful ascension ever taken by means of a kite at Governor's island yesterday and demonstrated its usefulness in times of war. He reached a height of forty feet.

Monday, Jan. 25.

General John D. Stevenson, of St. Louis, is dead. He served with distinction in the Mexican and civil wars. He was loyal during the civil war.

Comptroller Eckels has written a circular to governors of states asking them to suggest state legislation requiring state supervision of state banks, and urging its necessity.

It has been snowing, blowing and freezing all over the west and northwest and below zero weather is the rule. At Chcago the temperature is below zero for the firsttime this winter.

The "Lexow" investigation at Kansas City is developing the fact that where a policeman found any gambling going on he was transferred to another beat.

Miss Sophonisba P. Breckinridge, daughter of Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, has been admitted to the bar at Frankfort, Ky.

Fire destroyed the carriage factory of Charles Grube at Rahway, N. J. Loss, $30,000.

Cures

Prove the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla—positive, perfect, permanent Cures.

Cures of Scrofula in severest forms, Salt Rheum, with intense itching and burning, scald head, boils, pimples, etc.

Cures of Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Catarrh, by toning and making rich, red blood.

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THE AMERICAN NILE.

SUCH IS THE GREAT RIO GRANDE, WITH ITS VAGARIES.

It Is a River of Freakish Habits and Must Be Seen More Than Once to Be Understood—Flows Mainly Underground, but at Times There Is a Torrent on Top.

"It's a river 1,500 miles long, measured in its windings," said the man from New Mexico, speaking of the Rio Grande. "For a few miles, at its mouth, light draft steamers run up from the gulf of Mexico. Above that it doesn't float a craft except at ferries. In the old days, when New Mexico was a province of Spain, the people along the river didn't even have ferryboats, and the only way they had of getting across was by fording. For this purpose a special breed of large horses was reared to be kept at the fords. When the river was too high for these horses to wade across, travelers camped on the bank and waited for the waters to subside. Now there are bridges over the river at the larger Rio Grande towns, and in other places rope ferries and rowboats are the means of crossing.

"In times of low water a stranger seeing its current for the first time would be apt to think slightingly of the Rio Bravo del Norte, as the New Mexicans love to call the great river. Meandering in a small part of a very wide channel he would see only a little muddy stream, for ordinarily nine-tenths of the Rio Grande is underground, the water soaking along toward the gulf through the sands beneath its channel. The valley, bounded everywhere to left and right by mountains or foothills, is sandy, and the water, percolating the sands down to hard pan, spreads out on each side so that it may always be found anywhere in the valley by digging down to the level of the river's surface. For the greater part of the year the river above ground flows swift and muddy, narrowing as it swirls round a sand bar and widening over shallows. But the thing that strikes the stranger most queerly is its disappearance altogether for reaches, many miles in length, of its channel, which, except, it may be, for a water hole here and there, is as dry as Sahara. The river is keeping right along about its business, however, and where a rock reef or clay bed blocks its subterranean current it emerges to the surface and takes a fresh start above ground, running as a big stream which, farther down, may lose itself in the sands again.

"It is when the floods come down that the Rio Grande shows why it requires so big a channel for its all the year round use and demonstrates that if the waterway were even wider it would be an advantage to residents along its banks. It is fed by a watershed of vast area and steep descent, which in times of rain and melting snows precipitates the waters rapidly into the channel. In June, when the snow melts on the peaks about its headwaters in Colorado and northern New Mexico, and later in the summer, when heavy showers and cloudbursts are the order of the day, the Rio Grande overflows its banks, deluging wide tracts of valley and sometimes carving a new channel for itself, changing its course for miles. Where the valley is unusually wide and sandy, as below Isleta and in the Mesilla valley, the old channels in which the river used to flow are plainly indicated in the landscape.

"No one who has seen the great river in flood is likely to forget the positive ferocity it seems to display as its waters sweep all before them, and woe to the man or beast who is overtaken by them! The flood arrives without warning. The sky may be clear above when the traveler, leisurely jogging across the wide channel, hears his wagon wheels grate upon the sand with a peculiar sound. It means that the waters are stirring the sands beneath him, and then, if he knows the river, he lashes his horse, making at all speed for the nearest bank, and lucky he is if he reaches it safe. The chances are that before he gets there he hears the roaring of waters up the channel and sees them coming down toward him with a front like a wall, rolling forward and downward as if over a fall, with a rising flood behind. Many a man and whole wagon trains have been overwhelmed in this way, and, buried in sands or cast away on desert banks, no human eye has ever seen them again.

"The great river has its pleasing and romantic aspect, so fascinating that it is a saying among people who live in its valley that 'whosoever drinks of its waters and departs will come again to seek them.' Like the Nile, the Rio Grande enriches the soil of its valley to the point of inexhaustible fertility. Along its banks in New Mexico are fields that for two centuries have been cultivated yearly, yielding great crops, and they are as productive today as when they first were tilled. Irrigating canals, called acequias madras (mother ditches), convey water from the river to be distributed through little gates to the fields of the valley, which it both waters and enriches. A trip along the river reveals a succession of pictures of a primitive civilization of the old Spanish-American type. Adobe villages, with small, flat roofed houses built about antique churches, and the spacious houses of the vicos, or great men; orchards, vineyards, wheatfields and grazing cattle are all features of the scenery of the Rio Grande, the American Nile."—New York Sun.

Sevastapol.

The fortifications of Sevastapol, which caused the allies so much trouble during the six months' defense of the fortress by the Russians, were at first very weak, and military experts say the town might have been taken by a vigorous bombardment and assault during the first few days of the siege. The ignorance of the allied generals in regard to the strength of the works caused a delay which the Russians improved by making the defenses almost impregnable.

HE MADE A MISTAKE.

And Didn't Mend Matters a Bit When He Discovered It.

The fine looking young man who was shown into the parlor was a new one to the old gentleman, who had lived in a state of anxiety for years lest some one would marry his charming daughter for her money. All young men were under suspicion with him, and he was particularly formal with those of fine appearance. The caller intended to observe the proprieties by introducing himself, but the host said in his stiffest business tones:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"I came to tell you, sir, that I have asked your daughter"—

"Just as I expected," was snorted back. "It's pretty tough when a man of affairs at my time of life has to put in half his time telling young whippersnappers that they can't have that girl of mine. There is the most mercenary lot of men just coming into active life that I have ever seen. I'd better give my fortune to some charitable institution. You can't have her."

"Perhaps if I should explain"—

"There's nothing to explain. I've heard it all more times than I have hairs on my head. Of coufse you love her. You can't live without her. You have no money, but you're educated, possess a brave heart and will shield her from all trouble. You will"—

"Just to shield you from a little present embarrassment I will inform you that I'm not in the least in love with your daughter."

"What in thunder did you propose to her for, then? Have you the unmitigated gall to come in here and tell me that you want my daughter when you're not in love with her and not expect to get kicked out? Why, you"—

"Break away, papa!" laughed the vision of loveliness who hurried into the room. "This is the gentleman visiting at Mrs. Winton's, and he is arranging her private theatricals for her. He has asked me to take a part, and I referred him to you."

The old gentleman glared hopelessly for a full minute and in his confusion said brokenly:

"Take her, my son, take her."—Detroit Free Press.

FOOD IN THE ARCTIC.

Birds Have No Difficulty Finding It In the Snow.

The number of birds that go to the arctic regions to breed is "vast beyond conception." They go not by thousands, but by millions, to rear their young on the tundra. The cause which attracts them is because nowhere in the world does nature provide at the same time and in the same place "such a lavish prodigality of food." That the barren swamp of the tundra should yield a food supply so great as to tempt birds to make journeys of thousands of miles to rear their young in a land of plenty, only to be found beyond the arctic circle, seems incredible. The vegetation consists of cranberry, cloudberry and crowberry bushes. Forced by the perpetual sunshine of the arctic summer these bear enormous crops of fruit. But the crop is not ripe until the middle and end of the arctic summer, and if the fruit eating birds had to wait until it was ripe they would starve, for they arrive on the very day of the melting of the snow. But each year the snow descends on its immense crop of ripe fruit before the birds have time to gather it. It is then preserved beneath the snow, perfectly fresh and pure, and the melting of the snow discloses the bushes with the unconsumed last year's crop hanging on them or lying, ready to be eaten, on the ground. The frozen meal stretches across the breadth of Asia. It never decays and is accessible the moment the snow melts. Ages have taught the birds that they have only to fly to the arctic circle to find such a store of "crystallized foods" as will last them till the bushes are once more forced into bearing by the perpetual sunlight. The same heat which frees the fruit brings into being the most prolific insect life in the world. The mosquito swarms on the tundra. No European can live there without a veil after the snow melts. The gun barrels are black with them, and the cloud often obscures the sight. Thus the insect eating birds have only to open their mouths to fill them with mosquitoes, and the presence of swarms of tender warblers, of cliff chaffs, pipits and wagtails in this arctic region is accounted for.—New York Evangelist.

Could Be Reached Still.

"Did you catch a glimpse of the footpad?" asked the policeman who was stooping over the insensible victim and examining his injuries.

"Yes," answered the man whose timely arrival had scared the murderous villain away. "He was a tough looking fellow, a little taller than I am and wore chin whiskers."

The prostrate man shuddered, gasped and moved his lips. Consciousness was returning.

"Strictly speaking," the policeman heard him mutter feebly, "there is no such thing as chin whiskers. Whiskers grow on the cheeks. He wore a chin beard."

Then the Boston man became unconscious again.—Chicago Tribune.

To Fit the Crime.

"You don't look like a hard citizen, but you plead guilty to the charge of being found in a gambling resort. I ought to inflict a fine of at least $5"—

"But, your honor, I was intoxicated, or I wouldn't have"—

"Drunk, too, were you? The fine will be $10 and costs. Call the next case."—Chicago Tribune.

The woman tennis champion of New Zealand has but one hand, and that is the left one, but she can serve a ball that is exceedingly difficult to return.

Ray declares that the seed of a single spleenwort will number at least 1,000,000.

HE WAS A POOH BAH.

HOW YOUNG FOX RAN A WHOLE COUNTY IN DAKOTA.

He Held All the Offices For One Winter and Rather Enjoyed the Experience, Though It Is Presumed That He Was Sometimes a Little Lonesome.

There is a man in this town who was the supreme ruler of the whole county for almost six months. He was a Pooh Bah with a vengeance. His name is E. J. Fox, and he is fond of telling how he ran Cavalier county in the first winter of its existence. It came about in this way:

Cavalier county had been named, but unorganized, for several years up to 1884. It consisted of a large strip of land, all owned by the government, lying west of the western boundary line of Pembina county. About that time P. McHugh of Bathgate was elected as a representative of Pembina county in the legislature, and it occurred to him and to Attorney W. J. Mooney of the same village that it would be well to organise Cavalier county and add to it the three ranges in the western part of Pembina county. This western part of Pembina county was very much higher than the rest of the county, and was situated, the people said, and say yet, "on the mountain." So McHugh got a bill through the legislature defining Cavalier county as it is today.

That was in the winter of 1884-5. A courthouse was built at Langdon, which was designated as the county seat, and at the election in November various county officers were elected. But none of the county officers came to Langdon to live. It was already a bad winter, and they could see no reason why they should come if there was some one there to take charge of the records. So they united in asking E. J. Fox, a young man just from Canada, to take charge of the offices until summer. Fox accepted the position, or positions, and in December took charge of the affairs of the county. The courthouse was then a large building—in fact, too large for use. Fox decided that it would be better to leave it vacant until spring, and he took up his abode in a one room "claim shack," the only other building in town. This was about 15 by 20 feet in dimensions, and there he lived and did business that winter. He was deputy clerk of the courts, county judge, county treasurer, county auditor and register of deeds. The sheriff lived in the country and the superintendent of schools lived just across the Manitoba line. The sheriff did not serve out his term, for he was put in jail for shooting a man in a fight. There was not another living soul within two miles.

Fox lived entirely alone, and did his own cooking, except the bread baking, which was done by a neighbor three miles away. Langdon, though the county seat, was not yet a postoffice. The postmaster of Olga, in the eastern part of the county, used to send over a large package of letters and papers about twice a week to the people whom he knew lived near Langdon, and Fox would give to these people their mail when they called for it. There was not one settler 40 miles to the west, but about 40 and 50 miles northwest, near the Manitoba line, there were several settlers, and some of these used to drive that great distance to "file" on a homestead or a tree claim. When they did that, Fox had to give them their meals and lodgings, and, in fact, he had often to keep a sort of hotel.

The winter of 1884-5 was very cold, and at night Fox used often to lie awake and listen to the blizzards howl around his little shack. He was kept busy, however, for there were many filings, registerings of mortgages and a few deeds. An average of two or three men would come to see him daily on business, but he seldom saw a woman. Nearly all the settlers near him at that time were bachelors, who afterward went back to Canada to get married; and indeed Fox did the same. Everybody was poor, and yet they all seemed to enjoy themselves, though they had to haul their wheat from 50 to 75 miles to market.

The winter passed very swiftly, and in the summer Mooney and McHugh came with their families. Then other settlers began to pour in. Buildings went up, as if by magic, and in a few months there were a postoffice and a dozen dwellings. Talk of a railroad began to be heard, and in a few months it came. Then indeed Pooh-Bah Fox had to surrender his glory. He chose to take up the humble position of superintendent of the schools of the county and he still retains the place. He is disposed to think that, in spite of the comforts and conveniences of the present mode of life here, he enjoyed himself more that winter when he was monarch of all the government offices of Cavalier county.—Langdon (N. D.) Cor. Chicago Record.

Discernment.

"Ella, you have been playing all the afternoon with these toy soldiers. That's not a proper amusement for a big girl like you," said her mother.

"But, mamma, I am not playing with the soldiers. I picked out the officers and played with them."—Pearson's Weekly.

Accounted For.

Mabel—What an interesting talker Mr. Gusher is! He always holds one when he speaks.

Mrs. Gusher—Does he? That accounts for the hair I found on his shoulder last night.—Strand Magazine.

The principal defense of the Dutch in the war with Alva was found in the character of their country. Small bastions, long curtain walls and very wide ditches filled with water were the characteristics of a Dutch fortification.

A wagon load of mortar will fill about 80 hods.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

The Telltale Tracks on the Tapestry Betrayed Him.

Four or five Washington pastors were having a pleasant little meeting the other afternoon at the study of one of them, and they were having comparatively as much fun out of it as that many rounders would have had at a saloon knee deep in 47 varieties of tipple. They were telling Sunday school stories, as a rule, but they swung around after awhile to temperance.

"In my youth in Virginia," said the host, "we had, what is rare nowadays—to wit, a lot of more or less seedy and shabby genteel old fellows who went about the country delivering lectures on temperance and getting out of it only about so much as would clothe and feed them. Some of them were no doubt good and conscientious men, but among them were many who, notwithstanding their professions, dearly loved to take a glass of something warming to the inner man.

"Most of these tipplers were very particular not to have the rumor get abroad that they ever tasted the vile stuff, and when they took their drinks they observed great secrecy. I remember there was one whom we thought to be a most abstemious old fellow, and no one thought he ever tasted a drop, particularly a maiden aunt of mine who lived with my mother and was as rigid a temperance woman as ever came out of New England. My mother was much more liberal and wanted always to entertain these workers in the good cause, but my aunt had become so suspicious of all of them except this particular one that he was the only one who could find a night's lodging at our place.

"One night this old chap came to stay all night, and he had such a severe cold that my mother prescribed a rubbing of goose grease on his feet and toasting it in by the fire before he went to bed. Now, as it happened, in the room where he slept there was a new carpet which my aunt had presented to my mother as a birthday gift, and there was an old fashioned sideboard in the same room, with a two gallon jug of good whisky on it, which somebody had forgotten to put inside and lock up. At 8 o'clock the black boy carried in the goose grease to our guest and left him sitting before the fire.

"Just what happened after that nobody knows, but after the guest had departed next morning and the servants went to straighten up the room they found tracks innumerable between the fireplace and the sideboard, and in some way it was discovered that the old fellow, afraid of taking cold, had greased his socks and toasted the grease into his feet through them, and while the toasting was going on he made regular and frequent trips to the jug. Of course, if the tracks on the carpet had not betrayed him, no one would have ever noticed by the jug that he had been drinking out of it. He never came back again, and I don't know whether my aunt was more pained over the [illegible] confidence in the old man."—Washington Star.

DETECTED THE REPEATERS.

Innocent Fishhooks Which Caused Wholesale Arrest of Voters.

During the reconstruction times in Alabama, just after the late civil war, all of the state and county offices were administered by the Republicans. This was from 1866 to 1874, when the Democrats again secured control of the government and have held it ever since.

The election of George S. Houston, a Democrat, as governor in 1874 was one of the hottest ever held in the state, and many were the tricks practiced on both sides in that election. Possibly the most novel was a device put into operation at Mobile. Repeaters were common in those days, and this device was used by the Democrats to catch the negroes, who had learned the repeating trick. All of the negroes voted the Republican ticket then.

On the election day mentioned the polling places were opened, and the voting commenced. The Democratic election officers at the boxes had secured a stock of small fishhooks with which to carry out their new plan. Whenever a negro voted, an officer stuck a hook in the voter's vest front, where it could be plainly seen. After having exercised his constitutional right of voting, "Cuffy" proceeded to another polling place and sought to vote a second time. He was thereupon arrested and put in jail upon a charge of fraud. The scheme worked like a charm. By noon 175 negroes had been arrested and jailed. The wholesale arrests so frightened the negroes who had not voted that they refrained from going to the polls that day, and the Democrats won the election.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Whipping Post In Boston.

Alice Morse Earle, in an article on "Punishments of Bygone Days," found in The Chapbook, after giving John Taylor the Water Poet's rhymed descriptions of corporal punishment in London, explains how rapidly flogging came into use in Boston:

The whipping post was speedily in full force in Boston. At the session of the court held Nov. 30, 1630, one man was sentenced to be whipped for stealing a loaf of bread, another for shooting fowl on the Sabbath, another for swearing, another for leaving a boat "without a pylott." Then we read of John Peaso that for "stryking his mother and deryding her he shalbe whipt."

Lying, swearing, taking false toll, perjury, selling rum to the Indians—all were punished by whipping. Pious regard for the Sabbath was fiercely upheld by the support of the whipping post. In 1643, Roger Scott, for "repeated sleeping on the Lord's day," and for striking the person who waked him from his godless slumber, was sentenced to be severely whipped. Women were not spared in public chastisement. "The gift of prophesy" was at once subdued in Boston by lashes, as was unwomanly carriage.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Through the wild babel of our fever'd time
The song of Homer cometh, grave and stern,
With tidings from the world's fresh, healthy prime—
Tidings which our worn, wearied age concern.

Unchang'd, through all the long, unnumber'd years,
The voice of Homer sings the song divine,
Which tells of godlike toils, of heroes' tears
And of the punishment of Priam's line.

The battle in the plain is raging yet;
The watch fires blaze; the beak'd ships line the shore.
For us the foe in grim array is set.
Ah, but do we fight as they fought of yore?

For we, too, like the heroes long ago,
Must wage slow wars and sail the bitter sea.
Fierce is the conflict, loud the tempests blow,
And the waves roar and rage unceasingly.

Still must we wander o'er the stormy main,
'Twixt rocks and whirlpools a dread passage make,
Still must the sirens sing to us in vain,
Still from the toils of Circe must we break.

Turn, then, to Homer's psalm of life and see
How they endured whose pilgrimage is done
And I ear the message they have left for thee—
Only by patience is the victory won.
—Macmillan's Magazine.

INCANDESCENT LAMPS.

How the Burned Out Filament May Be Replaced and Renewed.

It has been generally supposed to be a fruitless task to attempt the renewal of a burnt out incandescent electric lamp, although there appears to be some economic fallacy involved in the destruction of what is except in one small if important particular a perfect piece of apparatus. It is not intended, as a rule, to give in this column descriptions of American devices or achievements drawn from foreign publications. This subject has, however, been taken up by the English journal, Industries and Iron, and, although it states that an American process for renewing these lamps after the filament has been broken has been developed, it does not give the name of inventors nor state that the process has come into anything like general application. Its description of the operation is therefore given for what it is worth.

It states that a commercial success has been made of a process for renewing burned out lamps which renders possible the use of the old bulb at a very slight expense. By the new method the collar, or bare end, of the lamp is not disturbed, the old filament being removed and the new one placed through a small hole in the lamp bulb made by removing the tip. The small hole is subsequently closed exactly in the same manner as in the case of the new lamp, leaving nothing to indicate in the finished, repaired lamp that it had ever been opened.

It is stated that some 400,000 lamps have been repaired by this method, the filament being inserted through the small hole referred to by a skillful twist of the hand and secured in position by a special carbon paste. The black deposit on the inside of the bulb is removed by fitting the lamp to the holder and re[illegible] it in a gas furnace, while im[illegible] on a small glass tube is fused to the opening made in the bulb, through which the lamp is exhausted. When this has been done and the last trace of air and gas absorbed, a blowpipe flame is directed upon the throat of the tube, which is melted into the point exactly in every respect a counterpart of the original lamp.—Providence Journal.

The Well Dressed Man.

There is a certain professor in a certain university of the United States who once, at the beginning of one of his lectures on fine arts, got on the subject of the kind of pins worn in the neckties of young college men. He was a good lecturer and was always interesting, but this lecture was the most interesting of his course to the 300 boys who heard him, and the whole hour was spent on necktie pins, their use and misuse and what they suggested. The gist of what he said was that there was no more reason why a boy should wear a horseshoe with a whip across it all in gold than that houses should have sieves for roofs, and that as it was extremely foolish to put a big sieve on your house for a roof so it was quite as foolish to wear horseshoes on your neckties. The principle of this is that you should have a reason in what you wear as well as in other things and that senseless decorations, like horseshoes on neckties or neckties on horseshoes, are silly and unbecoming to a self respecting person. This particular example was only one to illustrate a principle, which is that nothing unusual, queer, out of the ordinary, is in itself a good thing—that, in fact, most things that are queer and out of the ordinary are likely, in the question of dress, to be in bad taste. A man's dress ought to be quiet, but it must be clean and well taken care of in every instance. The best dressed man is the man who, in whatever company he finds himself, is inconspicuous; who, you realize in an indefinite way, is well appointed, though you cannot well tell why.—Harper's Round Table.

Household Economics.

"I don't see, Ella, how you manage with your house money. If I give you a lot, you spend a lot, but if I don't give you so much you seem to get along with it."

"Why, that's perfectly simple, Rudolph. When you give me a lot, I use it to pay the debts I get into when you don't give me so much."—Fliegende Blatter.

Where the Trouble Is.

"It isn't a bit of trouble to get married," said the airy young person.

"No," spake the sedate one. "It is in being married that the trouble is."—Indianapolis Journal.

There are 32 allusions in the Bible to the east wind, 19 of them being of a disparaging character.

The largest American fly is a little over half an inch in length.

The oat plant is in Italy regarded as emblematic of music.

HE HAD A CLOSE CALL.

Major General Miles' Thrilling Encounter With Lame Deer.

Probably the closest call General Miles ever had in all his experience as an Indian fighter was that in his encounter with Lame Deer. It was in 1877, when he was still a colonel, during his campaign against the Sioux and other hostile tribes in the northwest. Lame Deer and his outlaws had been making trouble in Dakota, and Colonel Miles raided their village. He tells the rest of the story in his personal recollections thus:

"In the surprise and excitement of the wild onset of the charge a group of warriors was forced away from the rest. Before making the attack I had ordered our Sioux and Cheyenne Indians to call out to the Lame Deer Indians that if they threw down their arms and surrendered we would spare their lives. As we galloped up to this group of warriors they apparently recognized the purport of the demand and dropped their arms on the ground. In order to assure them of our good will I called out, "How how-kola" (meaning friend), and extended my hand to the chief, Lame Deer, which he grasped, and in a few seconds more I would have secured him and the others, as, although he was wild and trembling with excitement, my adjutant, George W. Baird, was doing the same with the head warrior, Iron Star.

"Unfortunately just at that time one of our white scouts rode up and joined the group of officers and soldiers with me. He had more enthusiasm than discretion and, I presume, desired to insure my safety, as he drew up his rifle and covered the Indian with it. Lame Deer saw this and evidently thought the young scout was going to shoot him. I know of no other motive for his subsequent act than the belief that he was to be killed whether he surrendered or not.

As quick as thought, with one desperate, powerful effort, he wrenched his hand from mine, although I tried to hold it, and grasped his rifle from the ground, ran backward a few steps, raised his rifle to his eye and fired. Seeing his determined face, his set jaw, wild eye and the open muzzle of his rifle, I realized my danger and instantly whirled my horse from him, and in this quick movement the horse slightly settled back upon his haunches. At that moment the rifle flashed within ten feet of me, the bullet whizzed past my breast, leaving me unharmed, but unfortunately killing a brave soldier near my side."

Naturally the whole scattered band of Indians was instantly wiped out by a close and deadly fire from the soldiers. The incident is typical of the whole series of Indian campaigns in which General Miles figured in the last quarter of a century. The desire to treat the redskins as fellow men, constantly thwarted by the natural suspicions of the savages themselves, is apparent all through the book.

ORIGIN OF "RESTAURANT"

[illegible] Interesting Paragraph About Paris [illegible] France.

The French author, Maurice Cabs, recently published in La Republique Francaise an essay about the restaurants and eating houses of Paris, relating many interesting details. His story of how the term "restaurant" was first used is well worth repeating. For a long time inns and eating houses in France were only intended for the benefit of traveling people, for the people took their meals at home, and restaurants were unknown. The first enterprise of the kind was founded in Paris in 1765. A citizen by the name of Boulanger opened in the Rue des Poulies an eating house where soup, meat, fowl and eggs were served. A chronicler relates that meals were served there on small, round, marble tables, and everything was scrupulously clean.

Over the entry to this first eating house the proprietor had hung a sign, upon which were the Latin words, "Venite ad me omnes quæ stomacho laboratis, et ego restaurabo vos" (Come unto me all ye whose stomachs need attention, and I will restore them). This is a parody on the well known Biblical quotation, "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," only in place of labor and heavy laden he said, "whose stomachs need attention." The word "restaurabo," from the Latin "restaurare" (restore or refresh), was the main characteristic of the new establishment and gave it its name. Boulanger amassed a large fortune, for his enterprise proved eminently successful, but he was soon imitated, some of his imitators becoming more famous than he, like Borel, at whose place 120 years ago meals could be had for 150 francs ($30) per cover.

Grant and Hancock at a Night Alarm.

When Hancock's headquarters were reached, the party remained with him for some time, awaiting the arrival of the head of Warren's troops. Hancock's wound received at Gettysburg had not thoroughly healed, and he suffered such inconvenience from it when in the saddle that he had applied for permission to ride in a spring ambulance while on the march and when his troops were not in action. He was reclining upon one of the seats of the ambulance, conversing with General Grant, who had dismounted and was sitting on the ground with his back against a tree, whittling a stick, when the sound of firing broke forth directly in front. Hancock sprang up, seized his sword, which was lying near him, buckled it around his waist and cried, "My horse, my horse!" The scene was intensely dramatic and recalled vividly to the bystanders the cry of Richard III on the field of Bosworth. Grant listened a moment without changing his position or ceasing his whittling and then remarked: "They are not fighting. The firing is all on one side. It takes two sides to start a fight." In a few minutes the firing died away, and it was found that the enemy was not advancing. The incident fairly illustrates the contrast in the temperaments of these two distinguished soldiers.—General Horace Porter in Century.

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JOHN F. FINERTY,
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CHICAGO, JANUARY 30, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"The Sign of the Cross."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Old Homestead."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—DeWolf Hopper.

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Heart of Maryland.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Francis Wilson in "Half a King."

CLIFTON'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"Zenda's King."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We particularly request our city subscribers who have been billed to send in their remittances without delay, and [illegible] the trouble and expense of repeated calls. [illegible] procure a postoffice or express order, to write out a check or to enclose money in a registered letter. The amount has to be paid some time, and the sooner the better. Don't fail, therefore, to send to, or call at, the Captain's office and settle up. "Short accounts make long friends." Take advantage of the milder weather and get the burden off your minds.

ABOUT THE ARBITRATION TREATY.

A great deal of voice and pen power is being expended just now about the matter of arbitration. Nobody has any objection to the principle of arbitration, as applied to disputes between nations that do not spring from oppressions or insults. Neither can there be much objection to the arbitration of individual causes of controversy—such, for example, as the Venezuelan boundary question, which Lord Salisbury, at first, refused to submit to arbitration—but there is, or should be, almost universal objection to an omnibus treaty, binding the United States to arbitrate all questions of dispute that may arise between this government and that of Great Britain for five years succeeding the adoption of the measure. It would be a virtual surrender of our independence as a nation, and would, inevitably, lead the rest of the world to suppose that we had entered into an alliance offensive and defensive with the most hated power on the planet. It is only in America that one finds widespread admiration of England and the English, and it is confined, in the main, to the cities and towns of the Republic. The country people, in general, care nothing about England and dislike her rather than the reverse. The rural population of this country is its most national element. This is accounted for by the fact that the British and Canadian immigrants don't go much into the country, nor are American rural folk given to copying the dress, manners and habits of the English as many of our city people are. The American daily press, chiefly influential in the cities, and the American metropolitan pulpits also, except in a comparatively few instances, smack strongly of Anglicism. There is constant reference to "common blood, common language, common literature and common religion," most of which is delusive. Able writers have repeatedly pointed out that the prevailing "blood" in America is not English, or "Anglo-Saxon," but Celtic. The language is nearly the same as that used by the English, but American literature is as distinct from that of England, in everything but language, as it is from that of France or Germany. In the matter of religion, too, Americans differ widely from the English. The latter cling, for the most part, to the "prelatic churches," while Americans are, as a majority, dissenters. Besides the English never allow their religion to interfere with their spirit of greed and conquest, whereas the American people are not greedy for their neighbors' soil, nor do they yearn to send forth armies to conquer ancient nations for purposes of plunder.

The English mind, in the main, is hard, intolerant and aggressive. The American mind is, when not perverted by English political machinations, as in the matter of the late A. P. A., humane, liberal and peaceful. When thoroughly aroused, the American is as brave as ever the Briton dared be, but he doesn't go around the world with a chip on his shoulder. It is all nonsense to say that the Americans and the English are alike, and, therefore, ought to sympathize with and sustain each other. No two peoples are more unlike in their general characteristics. If a community of language did not exist between them they would be the two most antagonistic nations on the face of the earth.

We have dwelt on these points for the purpose of showing how absurd it is for the alleged statesmen who, at present, direct our national affairs at Washington to attempt to tie us up for a long period, diplomatically, with a people so wholly unlike us as the English are, or with any people whatever. We need no such treaty. We can get along very well on the old plan of arbitrating whatever it may be necessary to arbitrate as an individual case. Further than this, nobody, except he be a fool, a knave or a traitor, would wish us to go.

One of the ablest expositions of the proposed treaty we have read is from the pen of Mr. Joseph O'Connor, the brilliant editor of the Rochester (N. Y.) Herald, from which we make the subjoined excerpts:

"What object have we to serve in making such a treaty? We have no claim for money or territory against Great Britain, and, if we had such a claim, it is in our power to enforce it by arms or to arrange for arbitration, on clear and specific conditions, before a responsible tribunal definitely named. What purpose has Great Britain to serve in making such a treaty? The general advantage is clear. It refers to arbitration controversies with the only nation that she cannot afford to fight, and so secures colonial possessions that are at our mercy.

"Is there a more immediate gain in view? If not, the treaty would be a curiosity in English diplomatic history. It is well, therefore, to look for the scheme that is probably hidden behind all the current nonsense about philanthrophy and peace.

[illegible] vance to American territory which she can bring before a general arbitration tribunal, but would not dare to put forward otherwise? In all probability such a claim is in process of preparation and this treaty was drawn to cover it. In 1867 Charles Sumner said in advocating the treaty for the purchase of Alaska: 'In endeavoring to estimate its character I am glad to begin with what is clear and beyond question. I refer to the boundaries fixed by the treaty.' So long as the territory we purchased seemed of no great value the idea of any uncertainty as to its boundaries was never suggested; but the moment it came to be a possession of importance, with promise of mineral wealth, England began to have doubts as to our rights. Canada set up antagonistic claims, and the official maps of the Dominion have already been published including a portion of the United States. Supposed flaws have been discovered in the original line of demarcation between England and Russia defining their respective territorial limits, and the boundaries that Sumner declared clear beyond question are now treated as if subject to speculation and discussion. A joint or coincident survey by the United States and Canada has been carried on since July, 1892, and it is asserted from time to time at Ottawa, with apparent authority, that the results go to prove that Canada is really entitled to the greater part of the narrow strip of Pacific coast from Mount Elias to Fort Douglas, about five degrees of latitude, formerly held by Russia and bought by this country.

"If Canada claims this territory the danger is that under a system of arbitration some sort of compromise may be adopted which will give her a part of it, though the whole belongs to us.

"The greatest mistake ever made by American statesmen was in surrendering a foothold on the Pacific coast to Great Britain, under the Oregon treaty. Having been bullied out of the coast line from the forty-ninth parallel to the fifty-fifth, are we to run the risk of being cheated out of the strip from the fifty-fifth to the sixtieth? If a man lays hold of your cloak there is high authority for offering your coat also, but not for submitting its ownership to arbitration.

"This whole subject was admirably considered in an article by T. C. Mendenhall in the Atlantic Monthly for April, 1896, written before the pending treaty was negotiated, and now doubly important as a forecast of political probabilities. This authority is of opinion that England is especially anxious to break through our coast line north of latitude 54 deg. 40 min.; that sooner or later the claims now merely a subject of speculation will be put forward; that a serious effort will be made to set aside the old agreement with Russia on which our rights are based, and which has not been challenged for more than half a century; that a plea for arbitration will be urged, and, if granted, the court of arbitration will attempt to settle conflicting claims by a series of compromises, and so rob us of a great part of our own territory."

TIM HEALY ON IRELAND AS "A SEPARATE ENTITY."

Tim Healy, M. P., is not gifted with a calm temperament, a forgiving disposition, or a polished tongue. He is, in fact, full of the common flaws of mankind; but he has a genius for exposing English cant, fraud and chicanery not possessed by any other member of his party, no matter of what section. The English, politically, are the smoothest cajolers in the world. They have a knack of looking supremely pious and aggressively respectable when it does not suit them to appear the bold buccaneers and pirates they really are and always have been. The English are a highly gifted set of public plunderers, who rob in the name of religion and slay in the name of civilization. The narrow limits of their native land are too small for the accommodation of their ambition, therefore, it flows over like a spring freshet and inundates with misfortune any land to which English ambition may exile itself with hope and realization of conquest.

England is the great confidence operator of the globe. She cozened Scotland and Ireland out of their independence, and is now trying to accomplish the same thing with America. There will never be any real peace on earth and good will among mankind until the British empire is abolished. That empire is the greatest stumbling block in the way of that dream of benevolent enthusiasts—universal arbitration. Yet England does not hesitate to befool Americans with her pretence of bloodless settlements. What a grand dissembler she is! We really cannot help admiring the splendor of her hypocrisy, which is such a monumental contrast to American credulity. Olney can no more play diplomatic cards with Salisbury than a child could with Old Nick. The chuckle-headed marquis has cards up his sleeve every time, and the Boston innocent, diplomatically speaking, hardly knows one piece of pasteboard from another.

But here is what Tim Healy had to say at a meeting held in Dundalk on the 16th inst., regarding the relations between Great Britain and Ireland:

"He thought he need hardly argue with them that Ireland was a separate entity. Why, it was not merely that the treaty of Union created and pre[illegible] two-out of every three in the house of commons recognized the separate entity. It was the Almighty and not the Act of Union who had made Ireland a separate entity, and the Atlantic ocean and its waves would guard and and keep it so. The queen did not directly rule Ireland. She sent a viceroy to rule her separate entity. The police who governed the country so largely were separate. The judiciary were separate; the bar was separate; the Irish barrister was made to feel that he was a separate entity at the English bar, because he had no right to plead before the courts of her majesty across the channel. The established church in Ireland was a separate entity. It was destroyed by an act which was another separate entity, and the very argument of the men who disestablished the church was this: 'Oh, you are safe to disestablish the church in Ireland; the fire won't spread to England; our church here is safe because England is a separate entity.'

"The land laws were separate. During the last fifteen years Ireland was seethed in an agitation that had set class against class, and it was a remarkable fact that the entire amount of the reduction given, as the result of all this agitation, turmoil and confusion, was only half of the amount found to be due to Ireland by the report of the Royal Commission. Why, then, should not landlord and tenant, merchant and artisan, employer and employed, meet upon a common platform to discuss this grievous question, which had arisen after a century of union with England? He was told, forsooth, that the Irish landlords had come into this movement with a selfish motive? And why should they not? And he was told that the Irish tenants had received them into it with open arms from a selfish motive. And why should they not? And was it against a man's action that his motives should be those of self-interest as well as of patriotism? They did not all pretend, like the English people, to be archangels. The Irish people were a separate entity in the fact that they had no part or share in British virtues, but when they joined together as a separate entity to demand justice, then the English people found out that there was not only a union of hearts but a union of pockets.

"He (Mr. Healy) never joined with greater or more cordial pleasure in any movement than he had done in that. He never stood upon any platform with greater satisfaction than he did upon that. It was not a sundering, it was a united platform. There had been brought there together all creeds and all classes to interchange views with one another, and not only was that going on in county Louth, but he trusted it would go on in every one of the thirty-two counties of Ireland—so that if in the shape of pounds, shillings and pence they did not succeed in wringing one copper from the treasury of England, he regarding the cementing and knitting together of all persons and estates within that land on platforms like that as the harbinger of a better day and a brighter horizon for their country."

It is a historical fact that the last great, and temporarily successful, reform movement undertaken in Ireland—that of 1780-82—began from what might be called material motives. Ireland was then, as now, impoverished by the English domination. Grattan, backed by the volunteers, demanded commercial reform and obtained it. Then he demanded legislative independence and obtained that. There is hardly any measure of moment that a really united Ireland can fail to wring from the necessities—never the good will—of England—even to total separation. We will watch with interest the growth and progress of this new combination of Irish classes and masses against the common enemy.

IRISH BACON TRADE IMPERILLED.

It is now nearly 883 years since King Brian, of Kinkora, defeated the Danish army at Clontarf and "died in the arms of victory." Many of the descendants of the vanquished Norsemen settled down under Irish rule and, in course of time, became "kindly Irish of the Irish." But the Danes, as armed enemies, came again from Denmark to Ireland, in the train of William of Orange and De Ginkell. They got badly trounced by the Irish cavalry at the outset of the battle of Aughrim, but Chaplain Story informs us that, when the Irish retreat began, they made "excellent pursuers." Since 1691 the Danes have not troubled Ireland in their military capacity, but, at this day, they are troubling her very seriously as commercial competitors of her people. Denmark has, for centuries, been distinguished for the good quality of butter manufactured there. Irish butter held the English market for a long time, but, finally, the Danish article supplanted it to a large extent—owing, chiefly, to the superior mechanical appliances of the Danes, and the greater care they take in preparing the product for export. Irish butter is, naturally, of quite as good quality as the Danish, but the same pains are not taken to render it acceptable abroad. Old-fashioned ways of preparing it are still in vogue, and these must be got rid of before Ireland can again hope to rival other countries, more "up to date" in their methods of manufacture. An effort, we understand, is now being made in the principal dairying districts of Ireland to have this reform instituted. There should be no difficulty in [illegible] of Europe.

Another product on which Ireland very justly prides herself is her bacon—the finest that ever tempted the appetite of an epicure. The Danes became aware of Ireland's supremacy in this respect, and are resolved to eclipse it. Already the acute men of the North are beginning to outrival the Irish in their time-honored markets. We will allow the Irish Times, a conservative organ, published in Dublin, to describe the process. Says the Times:

"No one not convessant with the advance made by Denmark in the last few years, and the not only relative but actual decline in the quality of pigs reared in Ireland, can estimate the dangerous position of the Irish trade. In 1888 the manufacture of bacon in Ireland was double that of Denmark. In 1895 the manufacture in Denmark is more than double that of Ireland. The figures are as follows: In 1888 the import to London of Irish bacon was 318,354 bales, and of Danish 159,578 bales; in 1895, of Irish 241,283 bales, and of Danish 471,836 bales. It will be in 1896, of Irish 240,000 bales, and of Danish, 570,000 bales. This is not all, for in 1888 Irish bacon commanded some 4s to 9s per cwt., a higher price than any Continental in the English markets. The prices now are almost level, and many of the West London town traders are giving a preference to Danish over Irish. Such traders would not a few years back deal in Continental bacon at all. It is natural, therefore, to inquire what the cause is. The reply is easy to persons conversant with the different modes adopted for breeding, feeding and marketing pigs in both countries. When the trade was started in Denmark the board of agriculture there sent their deputies to the leading English market—London—to educate themselves upon the class of bacon required for the best consumers there. They then came to Ireland to ascertain how we were catering for the same class of trade, and not finding the breed of pigs there of sufficient regularity, and only a fraction of the pigs fed being of a quality and size sufficiently suitable to command top prices, they turned their attention to English-bred pigs and sent stock animals of the leading descriptions to Denmark to raise stock suitable to their farmers in competing for the trade. With this start they arranged that their farmers should be put in touch with manufacturers, to whom they sold their pigs direct, and the rule was laid down as absolute that the farmers should receive differential prices according to the weight and quality of the pigs they offered."

The Times broadly charges the decadence of Irish bacon to the Pig Buyers' Association, and proceeds to say:

"In Ireland farmers have had no means of education. Their pigs have been bought at an all round price by the buyers, who sold them to the merchants at an all round price also, and always persistently refused to deal in any other way. The consequence of this is that the farmer who feeds good and suitable pigs is put exactly upon the same level as the one who has either mixed or bad quality. Under the present system he has no knowledge of what is required, but his Danish competitor has always enjoyed that knowledge, and as a result our farmers are naturally being superseded, and trade is being transferred from Ireland. To illustrate the effect of the working of the different systems, it may be stated that the proportion of highest priced Irish bacon is about 20 per cent of the whole, while that of Danish reaches 50 to 60 per cent. Is it not time that in the interest of the country we should change our ways, and take a lesson from our successful competitors? To do this even to a moderate extent merchants simply claim for the farmers what is their absolute right—to sell their produce to whom they please, and for themselves the right of purchasing pigs from whom they please—freedom for buyer and seller.

"The number of buyers in the Waterford Association is, we believe, about one hundred. It is because the interests of these may be prejudiced that we have had all this tumult. But the merchants offered arbitration recently. It was flatly refused. That refusal placed the pig buyers completely in the wrong. It showed that the monopoly was to be kept up by methods not capable of justification. There could not be an appeal to reason. There must be a fight of quite another sort. The farmers, who are the people chiefly concerned, cannot submit to this. They must claim and insist upon their freedom. They will be unable to compete with other countries, and will go to the wall if they allow it to be taken from them. The time has come when they should speak out."

This sounds very nice and fair until the other side is heard from. We find in the Munster Express, published at Waterford, of the 16th inst., the following:

"We beg to place before the farmers the latest and most brutal offer of the bacon merchants of the cities of Waterford and Limerick. The merchants will not consent to an open market, but are willing to take in pigs from the buyers at their own (the merchants') price, and have advanced the following rule: 'That all pigs which are brought in by farmers, and bought by buyers, must be conveyed to the cellars, the price to be fixed by the merchant, and two days afterwards this price will be sent to the buyers.'

Can any person imagine a more scandalous system of commercial buying and selling? The buyers know what they are giving for the pigs, yet they send in those pigs to the merchants and are told two days afterwards what their pigs have fetched, or rather the amount the merchants condescend to give. Is this fair? Is it honest? It is only a few short months ago that the bacon manufacturers of Waterford complained most bitterly that the Denmark trade was wiping them out; yet these self same renegades are now killing second, third and fourth rate pigs for the London market. Is this a patriotic movement? Is this a businesslike stroke for Irish commerce? We appeal in all sincerity to the producers, to the local grocers and provision dealers, aye, and to the London buyers who will have this paper in their hands ere forty-eight hours have passed, to insist on having a good article, which can only be procured by supporting a body of men who are alone in the world in culling pigs for any particular market where Irish bacon commands an untouchable price. We can only say in conclusion that, as national journalists, any farmer who supports the merchant is a traitor to a gigantic industry as well as to Ireland and himself individually."

When such conflict of opinion exists in Ireland over a question into which politics can hardly enter, it is difficult for us so many thousand miles away from the theatre of controversy to form a correct judgment of the situation. It would seem, however, that the Irish bacon trade is not as prosperous as it used to be, and this three cornered fight between buyers, merchants and farmers can hardly tend to advance it to its old position.

While we know that Irish manufacturing and trade of every kind have been discouraged and demoralized by the English system of chronic misgovernment, still we believe there are many ways in which the Irish people could better their home condition. They can take a leaf, occasionally, from the books of their commercial rivals, such as the Scotch and the Danes. Neither Scotland nor Denmark is as large, as fine or naturally rich a country as Ireland. We have the testimony of such friends of Ireland as Lady Aberdeen, Mrs. Ernest Hart and John Howard Parnell, that the local industries of Ireland could be multiplied if only the people were a little more energetic, and if those who exercise local influence would exert it to train the people's thoughts to practical matters. These are matters that an Irish parliament would speedily regulate, but, even under the existing usurpation, an effort should be made to give more life to Irish manufactures. Of course these will never flourish fully until Ireland is in a position to foster her industries according to the methods of independent countries.

MRS. W. P. HENNEBERRY, chairman of the committee having charge of the fourth annual Catholic charity ball, and Mrs. Michael Cudahy, treasurer, report a flattering increase in the proceeds over the previous year. The total receipts were $9,248.24 and the expenses $2,431.81, thus leaving $6,816.43 clear for charity. This will be divided equally and placed with the Woman's National Catholic League.

PIPEMAN JEREMIAH O'ROURKE, the brave fireman injured at the Monroe street fire Tuesday evening, died at the county hospital on Wednesday. He was 33 years old and single.

AFTER an existence of thirty years, the Union Catholic Library association, of this city, wound up its affairs this week and dissolved. It was, in its day, a very notable and progressive organization.

HYMENEAL.

MAGEE–ROACH.

The marriage of Miss May Marguerite Magee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Magee, to Frederick Lyon Roach took place Tuesday evening. The ceremony was performed at 7:30 o'clock at the Church of Our Savior, on Fullerton avenue. Rev. Dr. Edwards officiated in the presence of several hundred guests. The bride was attended by Miss Edith Magee, of London, Ontario, as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Misses Myrtle Hartwell, Lucy Crawford, M. Chisholm, M. F. Field, N. D. Anguish. Robert Emmett acted as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Geo. Furbeck, R. Hartwell, Joseph Halla, F. Goshorn, and D. Hoffman.

The bride wore a gown of white corded silk, the bodice veiled in tulle, and cut decollette, a tulle veil and carried bride's roses. The maid of honor wore pink taffeta, covered with white organdie, while the maids were gowned in white organdie over white silk. They all carried bridesmaid roses. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 323 Belden avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Roach left for a brief trip, and will be at home the first and third Thursdays in March at 462 Orchard street.

MRS. LAKE SPEAKS FOR TEMPERANCE.

The large and handsome school hall adjoining St. Anne's Catholic church, corner Wentworth avenue and Garfield boulevard, has seldom, if ever, contained a more select and appreciative audience than that which assembled last Sunday afternoon to hear the world-renowned temperance lecturer, Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, of St. Louis, and incidentally to enjoy the magnificent programme prepared for the occasion by and exemplary young men who comprise the Total Abstinence society of that ideal parish. As a fluent and interesting public speaker on the temperance question, it is safe to say that Mrs. Lake has no peer in this or any other land today. The vast audience was moved to tears as she eloquently portrayed the love and affection of a gentle mother for her fond child, and then to think that that mother would so far forget her devotion to her innocent child as to send that child into a vile and impure atmosphere. Mrs. Lake begged and pleaded with the fathers and mothers present to use their influence in eradicating the terrible evil, now unhappily so prevalent, in sending small children into places for beer and other intoxicating liquors. She requested all parents to have their boys join the cadet society, where a good example was sure to help mould their characters and assist them in after years.

Father Crimmins, the estimable and gifted spiritual director of St. Anne's Total Abstinence society, in his opening address eloquently told the many evils of intemperance and the powerful influence for good large bodies of men banded together in the Christian cause of total abstinence could wield for themselves, their families and the community blessed by their existence. It would be impossible to overestimate the noble work that this young, but devoted, priest is doing for the holy cause of total abstinence. Every child in St. Anne's parish knows Father Crimmins, and prays that God will leave him long in their midst. In addition to the addresses of Mrs. Lake and Father Crimmins, the audience was entertained by a vocal solo by Miss Carrie Gebeste, a recitation by Miss Marion Hyde, a vocal solo by Miss Rosebud Linder, a silent recitation by the incomparable George F. Mulligan, and an essay on "Why I am a Total Abstainer," by John P. Doran. Among the distinguished visitors were noted John F. Cunnea, first vice-president, Miss Agnes Thompson, second vice-president, W. J. O'Connor, recording secretary of the C. T. A. U. of Illinois, and several representatives from the W. C. T. U. Surrounding the visitors on the platform were the following members of St. Anne's Total Abstinence society, each wearing a neat blue badge, emblematic of the purity and holiness of their ennobling cause: William Dillon, editor of the New World; M. J. Corcoran, C. A. McCarthy, Thos. Shewbridge, T. J. McGuire, P. B. Flanagan, F. P. Doherty, William McWhorter, Capt. E. A. White, J. J. Anderson and F. C. Kerwin. After the meeting adjourned, the genial and zealous secretary, Capt. E. A. White, had all he could possibly do for some time in receiving the names of the numerous applicants for membership in St. Anne's Total Abstinence society. If this society is fortunate enough to have the gifted Mrs. Lake give another lecture in this parish, there won't be a man, woman or child, irrespective of creed, that is not sure to be enrolled under the pure and ennobling standard of St. Anne's Total Abstinence society.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured a swelling on my neck and it is a necessity in our family. It has done more for me than any other medicine."—Mrs. S. M. Harrower, Barrington, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

WASHINGTON IGNORED.

His Advice to Americans to Avoid Entangling Alliances With Any and All Foreign Powers Unheeded by the Diplomatic Degenerates Who Now Run the Affairs of the Republic at the Capital.

The United States Rapidly Drifting Toward British Provincialism, Apparently with the Knowledge and Consent of Many Traitorous Americans—Benedict Arnoldism Rampant.

[*To the Editor.*]

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 25.—In view of the present aspect of political affairs at this and at the other side of the ocean, it seems to me, that Mr. William Waldorf Astor was a little premature in abjuring allegiance to the United States and formally declaring himself a subject of her Britannic majesty. As that very learned gentleman and profound statesmen, Mr. R. R. Dobdell, of Montreal, recently announced at a British federation dinner in England, "The forbearance of England towards the United States during the past twenty-five years is having its effect, and the erring daughter of the mother country will be received back into the family circle with every demonstration of maternal affection." And we are traveling that way very rapidly. Soon the jubilant hymn will be sung: "We are all Anglo-Saxons in this great world of ours."

It is true that a certain George Washington, who was instrumental in effecting the separation of the American colonies from the beloved mother country, in order to prevent a future reunion between the rebellious daughter and her aged and afflicted parent, in his farewell address, when retiring from public life, gave expression to the following sentiments:

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, believe me, my fellow citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake. Since history and experience prove that such influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican government. * * * * The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is to have with them as little political connection as possible. * * * * Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation as we possess? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor or caprice? 'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world. * * * Constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character. There can be no greater error than to expect, or calculate upon, real favors from nation to nation. 'Tis an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard."

The American statesmen of today have evidently discovered the errors of George Washington, and of the men who built up the American Republic. They take their ideals, not from those Americans whom we were wont to call great and patriotic, but from those statesmen whom Britons delight to honor. Ashamed of American homespun suits, they hanker after the court dress of British officialdom. The mission, the design and the vigilance of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe and Jackson were to preserve the American nation from foreign thraldom, and above all, from the wiles of that insidious power from whose unwilling grasp their good swords had wrested the prize of liberty. Today our public men, under the specious pleas of common language, business interests, Anglo-Saxonism and cosmopolitanism, are studiously giving the cold shoulder to all the world but the very power, from whom the independence of this country has the most to fear. They are crawling in the gutter before England, the open, when it dared be, and the secret foe of our institutions and interests at all times. They are kow-towing to a nation hateful to all the world by reason of her perfidy, her greed, her inhumanity, and her damnable hypocrisy. And now, forsooth, his ponderous ponderosity, Grover Cleveland, whom the obsequious tuft-hunter, Bayard, styles the firm ruler of a turbulent people, closes his reign with an arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain. All England is in exstacies of delight, and the London papers are bursting with anticipation of all the benefits that will accrue to England by means of what they call this Anglo-Saxon treaty. It is to be hoped the Almighty Providence that has hitherto guided the destinies of the American people, will yet prevent the accomplishment of this insidious design against the untrammeled freedom of American action in the administration of our affairs at home and abroad.

I see that Cardinal Gibbons expresses himself pleased with this drawing together of the two great English speaking nations. No doubt the good Cardinal's opinion is fathered by his desire to see a reign of peace and good will among all men. But may I ask where was the necessity on the part of the United States for the making of any such treaty? If we have a dispute with England, there is nothing to prevent our offering, or accepting a proposal to submit the question to a court of arbitration, whenever such question may arise. Now we bind ourselves by treaty beforehand to do that, which at the time may be clearly opposed to our interest or our dignity. We open up a devious path of untold windings. England's illgotten empire is all over the earth; the ramification of her policies and her treaties extends everywhere and in every direction. We may find ourselves compelled to chastise some offending nation, and the first thing we know is that that nation has a treaty offensive and defensive with England, and the latter power becomes a party to the quarrel, and our hands are tied by our British arbitration treaty. It is only a fancy bracelet, but is the first of a number of stronger forgings that will so bind us to Great Britain, that eventually our identity as a great independent power will be lost. Decrepit England seeks to renew her youth by an infusion of blood from the veins of young, robust America. For the treacherous professions of our old time perfidious enemy, we are asked to peril the friendship of the rest of Europe.

It is indicative of the decay in influence and patriotic feeling of Irish-Americans that they have made no big opposition to this ill-omened treaty. You will remember how eager England was to get her clutches on Irish political offenders even on American soil, nearly a decade ago, and how an extradition treaty was submitted to the Senate covering England's crafty designs.

The pro-British press of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and I believe of Chicago, favored the treaty, and there was no end of slurs in their columns about dynamite fiends and other enemies of British tranquility. The writer, then secretary of the Irish National League, advised the various branches of the League to use all their influence with their congressional representatives and senators to secure the rejection of the treaty. The branches responded with alacrity. THE CITIZEN and the Irish World did yeoman's work in the cause, and the treaty was rejected. It was not half as dangerous to American independence as the present scheme, but the voice of the Irish element in America is strangely silent. You have condemned the treaty—perhaps other papers which I may not have seen, have also written against it, but Irish organizations have not uttered a single protest. If we have lost ground in America we have only ourselves to blame, if one of these days we can hardly tell the difference between the United States and British certificates of naturalization.

JOHN P. SUTTON.

OBITUARY.

MRS. JOHN P. AGNEW.

The numerous friends of Mr. John P. Agnew and his family were greatly shocked at reading in the newspapers last Monday afternoon the announcement of the death of his wife, nee Miss Clara Conlan, which occurred at No. 292 Huron street on the morning of that day. Although Mrs. Agnew had not been in robust health for some little time, her death was altogether unexpected, and she leaves behind her not only her sorely-afflicted husband but also three little children, all under five years of age. Mrs. Agnew was born in this city, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Conlan, old and highly-respected settlers, Aug. 4, 1864, and was married to Mr. Agnew in the summer of 1892. James Conlan, Jr., a well-known merchant, is a brother of Mrs. Agnew. She spent last summer traveling with her mother in Great Britain and Ireland, and returned home apparently much invigorated by her trip. She was taken seriously ill about three weeks ago, and the skill of the ablest physicians proved unavailing to save her life. The funeral occurred on Wednesday morning from the house to the Holy Name Cathedral. High mass of requiem was celebrated, with the Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons as celebrant, Rev. B. P. Murray, of St. Bernard's church, deacon, and the Rev. P. A. McLaughlin, of St. Mary's, Aurora, Ill., sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by the Rev. P. J. Agnew, a relative of the deceased lady, who dwelt with simple eloquence on the certainty of death, the necessity of being prepared for the great change at all times, and the exemplary life led by the sister who had passed to her reward. The sermon affected many of the large congregation to tears, for Mrs. Agnew, who was amiability itself, was a universal favorite. At the conclusion of the religious services, the remains were reborne to the hearse and escorted to Calvary cemetery by an imposing cortege. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Edward Monahan, John McGillen, Louis Haas, W. J. Donlin, J. Swenie and J. Hallinan. Among the clergymen who occupied seats in the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers E. M. Griffin, E. A. Kelly, F. A. Perry, James F. Clancy, Woodstock, Ill.; N. J. Mooney, chanceller; Fenlon and S. Moloney.

MR. CHARLES KERN.

Mr. Charles Kern, former sheriff and treasurer of Cook county, died at his home, 4030 Grand boulevard Monday afternoon. He had long been suffering from Bright's disease, and this, combined with heart trouble, carried him off. His end was painless, and he was conscious to the last.

Mr. Kern began to be troubled about a year ago, and went to Florida to recuperate. He left Florida last April and stayed for a short time with his daughter, Mrs. James Mapes Dodge, at Germantown, Philadelphia. On his return to Chicago he had his case diagnosed, and learned then that he was afflicted with Bright's disease. Since that time he had been ailing and underwent an operation a month ago. This did not improve his condition and he sank slowly.

He was loth to leave life, though he accepted the inevitable with patience. The day before his death he said to his son-in-law, Mr. Dodge, that it was a shame he had to die just as he was beginning to enjoy the fruits of years of toil. When he was told it was 10 degrees below zero on Sunday, he smiled and said it was too cold for him to die that day. He called in the servants and said he thought he had arranged all his affairs so that they should not suffer. His family was at his bedside when he died.

Mr. Kern was born at Otterbach, Rhenish Bavaria, April 18, 1831. He received his early education in his native town, and at the age of 18 he determined to seek his fortune in this country. He first made a short stay at Dover, Tenn., and then settled in Terre Haute, Ind. He was a handsome and popular man and speedily identified himself with the Democratic party. He was nominated for the office of sheriff of Vigo county in 1862. Though Vigo county was strongly Republican, Mr. Kern got all the German votes and was elected.

In 1865 Mr. Kern came to Chicago. He had been identified with the city and with Democratic politics ever since until his retirement from active life in 1894.

He started a restaurant at 175 Monroe street, and had established a prosperous business when he was burned out in the big fire. Later he opened a restaurant in the old Western Union building, on the site of which the Stock Exchange now stands. In 1868 he was nominated on the Democratic ticket for sheriff. He was defeated, but was nominated again in 1870 and 1872. He was unsuccessful, but ran ahead of his ticket. He was again nominated in 1876, and was the only man elected on the Democratic ticket.

He was defeated for the same office two years later, and turned his attention to business. In 1890 he was nominated for county treasurer and was elected. He retired from active politics in 1894. He had given up his restaurant when the Western Union building was torn down.

He married Miss Mary A. Whitman of Lyons, N. Y., in 1852. His widow and two children, Henry Whitman Kern and Josephine Kern-Dodge, survive him. The latter married James Mapes Dodge, son of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the writer.

Mr. Kern was once vice president of the Iroquois club, and several times president of the Cook County Democracy. He was a great sportsman, and was president of the Audubon Gun club for twelve years. He organized the Prairie Shooting club, and was president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. He was a Mason of high degree, being a member of Ashlar lodge, No. 308; Washington Chapter, No. 43, R. A. M., and of Chicago Commandery, No. 19, K. T. He was a member of Central church until the death of Prof. Swing.

MR. PATRICK ROCHE.

Mr. Patrick Roche, who was for over thirty years connected with leading wholesale firms of this city, and who was one of the most popular traveling salesmen that ever went out from Chicago, died at his residence, No. 486 West Taylor street, on Jan. 18, in the 65th year of his age. He was born in Wexford, Ireland, and came to America in 1852, taking up his residence in Chicago soon after his arrival. He traveled for the firm of Schwab, McQuade & Co., among the first, then for Weadley & Cleary, and his last engagement was with Charles Dennehy & Co.—a firm that mourns in Mr. Roche the loss of an able and faithful representative. Deceased was a quiet, but enthusiastic, Irish Nationalist, and was one of the first subscribers to THE CITIZEN. He had a handsome, manly presence and urbane manners, which rendered him greatly liked by all with whom he came in contact. In 1868 he married Miss Louisa Duggan, and an only son, Mr. Henry P. Roche, employed in Fortune Bros.' brewery, survives him. The funeral occurred on Jan. 21 from the family residence to the church of the Holy Family, West Twelfth and May streets. Requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Kelly, S. J., assisted by other clergymen. The celebrant also preached the funeral sermon, and paid high tribute to the virtues that had always distinguished Mr. Roche during his long acquaintance with him. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Peter Fortune, M. W. Kerwin, O. Nelson, George Hill, Charles Lowe and J. S. Kenny. Interment was at Calvary cemetery. The very large attendance at the funeral testified to the universal esteem in which Mr. Roche was held. Requiescat in pace.

SEVENTH REGIMENT, I. N. G.

The following is a copy of the protest sent by the Non-Commissioned Officers' Association of the Seventh Regiment, I. N. G., to our two worthy Senators from Illinois and also the Senate committee on Foreign Relations:

In view of the fact that an arbitration treaty is now pending ratification by the United States senate between Great Britain and the United States, we, the Non-Commissioned Officers' Association of the Seventh Infantry, I. N. G., as citizens of this republic, through our undersigned committee, protest against such treaty, believing it is inimical to our country and urge its rejection for the following reasons:

First—That byadopting it we would at least in a measure sacrifice the friendship of Russia, which has been extended to us in all emergencies heretofore.

Second—That it has always been the policy of this government to follow the advice of Washington in regard to not entering into entangling alliances with foreign nations.

Third—That it is the wish and earnest desire of every patriotic American that the European powers withdraw from this continent, and that such a treaty would cause the Monroe doctrine to lose its force as far as Great Britain is concerned.

Fourth—We further believe that the United States government is able to take care of any question of difference that may arise with any foreign government, and that it should continue to do so as it has done in the past.

Fifth—We most emphatically protest against any foreign monarch being chosen as chief judge, and especially the one designated in the treaty—King Oscar, of Sweden—who is the willing tool of England, a fact amply demonstrated in previous arbitration tribunals.

Sixth—We further believe that such a treaty is entirely unnecessary to the settlement of disputes, and we enter formal protest.

JAMES KELLY,
M. J. O'SHEA,
J. MCGUIGAN,
Committee.

Catholic Foresters' Entertainment

St. William's Court, No. 343, C. O. F., gave its third informal entertainment in Oxford hall, No. 77 Thirty-first street, last Saturday night. J. A. Cummins delivered the address of welcome and introduced Thomas F. Hanley as chairman of the evening. A feature of the affair was the court's presentation of a gold medal emblematic of the Order to Daniel Huston, the chairman delivering the presentation speech. The programme was long, varied and entertaining, and consisted of musical and literary numbers, interspersed with speeches. St. William's Court spared no pains to make this entertainment the most enjoyable ever given under its auspices. Every number on the programme was well executed, and was applauded to the echo. The officers of St. William's Court are: Chief Ranger, P. M. McCaffrey; Vice Chief Ranger, Richard Flynn; Recording Secretary, James A. Cummins; Financial Secretary, J. McInerny; Treasurer, Angus Shaffer; Medical Examiner, Dr. M. F. Murray; Delegates to the annual convention, P. M. McCaffrey and J. A. Cummins. The evening's festivities concluded with a social reunion.

THE LIMERICK CANNON.

A Song of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

BY ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

Air: "Barrack Hill."

We are a loving company
  Of soldiers brave and hearty,
We never fought for golden fee,
  For faction or for party;
The will to make old Ireland free,
  That set each dauntless man on,
And banished us beyond the sea
  With our brave iron cannon!

And here's the gallant company
  That fought by Boyne and Shannon,
That never feared an enemy,
  With our brave iron cannon!

Come fill me up a pint of wine,
  Until its brimming o'er boys,
Our gun is set on proper line,
  And we have balls galore, boys;
Now her's a health to good Lord Clare,
  Who'll lead us on tomorrow,
When through the foe our balls will tear,
  And work them death and sorrow!
And here's the gallant company
  That always forward ran on—
So boldy on the enemy
  With our brave iron cannon!

I've brought a wreath of shamrocks here
  In memory of our own land,
'Tis withered, like that island drear,
  That sorrowful and lone land;
I'll hang it nigh our cannon's mouth
  To whet our memories fairly,
And there's no flower in all the south
  Could deck that gun so rarely!
And here's the gallant company
  That soon shall rush each man on,
And plough the Saxon enemy
  With our brave iron cannon!

At Limerick how it made them run
  The Dutchman and his crew, boys;
'Twas then I made this gallant gun
  To plough them through and through, boys;
And since that day in foreign lands
  It roared triumphant ever—
It blazed away, yet here it stands—
  Where foemen's foot shall never!
And here's the gallant company
  That soon shall rush each man
And break and slew
  With our brave iron cannon!

'Tis dinted well from mouth to breach
  With many a battle furrow;
A fitting sermon it will preach
  At Fontenoy tomorrow!
Then never let your spirits sink,
  But stand around each man on
This foreign slope, and we will drink
  One brave health to our cannon!
And here's the gallant company
  That soon shall rush each man on,
And plough the Saxon enemy
  With our brave iron cannon!

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Feis Tighe Chonain Chlan Shleibhe Sonn.

(LEANTA).

"Tángad na coin dom' ionnsuidhe, agus nior thugadar aithne orm; agus thugadar cuaird an locha for gach leith uaim; acht nior chian go bh-faca Caoilte agus tosach na Féinne, 10 d-tángadar uile ós mo chionn: agus ni thugadar aithne orm. 'Abair, a sheanóir,' ar Caoilte, 'an bh-faca tú ellit agus dhá choin agus óglaoch mór mileata iona n-diaigh: no cá faid ataoi tá ad' lasgaire ar an loch so?' Innsim dóibh go bh-faca, agus nach fada do chuadar uaim; acht cheana, ba docharach liomsa mar do bhios ann sin, agus nachar lámhas a innsin gurab me féin do bhi ann; agus nior chian dam amhlaidh sin go d-táinig tromlach na Féinne chugam; gur innsios dóibh mo thosg ó thás go deire; gur chreid siad an t-iomlán mo; agus gur léigeadar trí gárrtha ós árd; gurab Loch Dóghra is ainm di ó shin aleith; agus do rinneadar carbad caol dhambsa, agus do thógbhadar leo me go sidh Coilleann Cuailgne, agus do thionóladar seacht g-catha na Féinne timchioll an t-siogha, agus do ghabhadar trí lá agus trí oidhche agá tochailt; gurab ann sin d'éirghidh Cuilleann Cuailgne as an sidh, agus easgar dearg-éir iona láimh; agus dáilios damhsa an t-easgar; agus ar n-ól na dighe dham tháinig mo dhealbh agus mo dhath féin orm, agus do sgaiadar na h-ainmhighthe álghmhéile sin liom, acht mo léithe amháin; éir do bhi mo leath-fholt amhail airgiod aon ghéal, agus do thairg Cuilleann dam mo dhath féin do chuir orm: agus nior bh'áil liom sin; éir do thaithnidh liom agus leis an bh-Féinn an dath sin do bheith orm. Thugas an t-easgar a láimh Mhic an Reithe gur ibh deoch aiste, agus thug sé sin a láimh Dhiorraing í, agus ibhios deoch aiste; agus do bhi ag Diorraing agá sineadh chum an fhir fa neasa dhó; go d-tug an t-easgar cor seacha go n-deachaidh as a láimh fá'n d-tochaill go doimhin ionár bh-fiadhnaise, agus gó'r ritheadar uile chuice nior rugsad uirri gur shluig an talamh i: agus ba mhór an t-imshniomh liomsa agus leis an bh-Féinn sin; éir dá n-ibdis aiste, do bhiadh fios agus fir-eolas aca: agus d'fhiasadar feidhliocáin coille san lonad a n-deachaidh a d-talamh; agus gach aon do chidhfeadh ar chedhiongadh iad, do bhiadh fios an lae sin aige: gurab mar sin do liath mise, a Chonáin," ar Fionn.

(*Translation*)

The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe.

"My hounds came up to me, but they did not recognize me: they took the circuit of the lake in every direction, leaving me alone. Caoilte arrived soon after, accompanied by the leading Fenians, and they did not recognize me, though they stood over me. 'Inform us, old man,' said Caoilte, 'if thou hast seen a fawn pursued by two hounds, and a man of large frame and warlike appearance, and how long thou hast been a fisherman on this lake?' 'I inform you that I have seen them, and that it is not long since they left me, replied I.' Still, however, I felt greatly depressed on account of the condition in which I then was, and because I dared not tell them that it was I myself that was there. The main body of the Fenians arrived soon after, and I informed them of my adventure from the beginning to the end; and they, believing the whole of my story, gave utterance to three loud cries. Hence the lake is called Loch Doghra (lake of sorrow) ever since that time. They constructed a narrow chariot for me and conveyed me to the Sighe of Cuillean of Cuailgne. The seven battalions of the Fenians mustered around the Sighe and continued to dig it away during three days and three nights. At the end of that time, Cuilleann of Cuailgne came out of the Sighe; he held a vessel of red gold in his hand, and presented the vessel to me. Upon drinking from it I immediately assumed my natural appearance and color, and the extraordinary appearances I had assumed departed entirely from me except only the hoariness, for one-half of my hair retained still a bright silvery hue. Cuilleann proposed to restore it to the natural color, but I did not wish to have it done, because it pleased both myself and the Fenians that it should retain that hue. The vessel was passed into the hand of Mac Reith, and he took a drink from it; he gave it into Diorraing's hand, and he too drank out of it. While Diorraing was in the act of handing the vessel to the man who was next to him, it gave a turn to one side and sprang out of his hand into the loose earth that had been dug up, in which it sank deep before our eyes; and, though we all hastened to recover it, the earth swallowed it up. This was a cause of great affliction, both to me and to the Fenians, if they all had drank from it they would have become gifted with foreknowledge and true wisdom. Twigs of wood sprang up in the spot where it sank into the earth, and whosoever beheld them in the morning while fasting, would have the gift of foreknowledge of all the events of that day. So, it was in this manner that I became hoary, O Conan," said Fionn.

(LE SHEITH LEANTA).

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the President of Council at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

The Irish Language.

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

How's This!

We Offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) pnd Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Home Seekers' Excursions

On February 2 and 16, and March 2 and 16, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and Southwestern States, both on its own line and elsewhere, at greatly reduced rates. Details as to rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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35 1-2 Hours From Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Monon Route, with its customary enterprise, has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 35½ hours. This train is composed of elegant Pullman perfected safety vestibuled, open and compartment sleepers, including drawing-room and buffet sleepers, as well as comforable day coaches, with Monon celebrated high-back seats. This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:32 p. m., arriving at Cincinnati next morning at 7:30; Chattanooga, 5:50 p. m.; Atlanta, 10:40 p. m.; reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida. This is the fastest time ever made by any line between Chicago and Florida. FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. City ticket office, 232 S. Clark street. For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

If you want anything in Green Goods for

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

UNIFORMS, FLAGS, BADGES, BANNERS, SHAMROCKS or HALL DECORATIONS,

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Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a specialty. Consultation free. Children's teeth extracted free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

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CHICAGO.

DOROTHY DEE.

Dorothy Dee was a dear little girl,
With shining blue eyes and hair all a-curl,
Lips always smiling, knew never a pout,
But now all these statements must be turned round about.

Shining blue eyes with big tears are wet;
Some dreadful thing must have happened our pet.
Lips all a-quiver with grief and woe!
What a shame a wee girlie such trouble should know!

Very much troubled was Dorothy Dee,
Just as unhappy as ever could be.
Her lovely new dolly, her sailor boy Jack,
Fell to the sidewalk, with, oh, such a whack!

And his head all in pieces was lying around,
Some on the sidewalk and some on the ground.
Even Aunt Lizzie, so very well skilled
In the mending of dolls, was sure Jack was killed.

Without any doubt the dolly was dead.
Why, a doll couldn't live without any head!
"Never mind," said her grandma, "don't cry any more,
A new head will make him as good as before."

"But, oh, my grandma!" said Dorothy Dee—
A sweeter child there could not be—
"You can make my dolly all mended and new,
But my poor little heart is broken too."

Next day, with her face all shining with joy,
She clasped in her arms a new sailor boy,
And we knew that with us you are sure to agree—
Grandma found a new heart for Dorothy Dee.
—Virginia Adams in St. Louis Republic.

AN X RAY TEST.

Aristotle Owen was professor of photology and radiography in the great science college which occupied the site of the whilom aquarium and presented a far more appropriate vis-a-vis to the houses of parliament. Its presence there gently reminded old fashioned members that their constituents were no longer men whose first thought was amusement, but scientists, men of culture, of large mind, who needed enlightened legislation and could no longer be hoodwinked by cleverly strung together words of dubious meaning, or the resonant outpourings of inflated wind bags of so called oratory.

Aristotle Owen, it is needless to say, was a very clever man in an age when all men were clever, for the time of which we write was in the year of grace 1920. Science had made gigantic strides. Education was on such an extended scale that, though people still starved from want of the common necessities of life, they had the satisfaction of being able to analyze with scientific accuracy the slow progress of the diminution of tissue and the certain approach of dissolution.

Yet, with all his cleverness, Professor Owen had been unable to resist a prehistoric weakness—he had fallen in love with and married a very pretty woman. This, at first sight, appears only an amiable tendency, to which many a great mind has heretofore been subject, yet was it of grievous import to the professor's peace of mind, for, though in 1920 science had made prodigious and progressive strides, virtue, alas, had been som[illegible] then a 1[illegible] that, amid his most abstruse calculations and subtle deductions, harassing thoughts of his pretty wife would arise and disturb the calm, mental abstraction which science demands. In the earlier and ruder age it might have been said that the professor was jealous, but the leading medical light of 1920 pronounced it as his grave opinion that Professor Owen suffered from aggravated cardiac acerbitude, and the nervous irritability produced by this insidious disease caused him to watch his wife with lynx eyed vigilance and to note every slight inflection in her voice and manner. Nothing was too trivial to escape being, as it were, instantaneously photographed on his mental sensitive plate.

Professor Owen returned home to dinner. The table was daintily arranged, the food exquisite, his wife at the head of the table in perfect harmony with her surroundings.

"You lecture at the institute tomorrow evening, do you not, Aristotle?" she asked as the sweets appeared. "Will you dine at home?"

He looked up quickly. His mental sensitive plate was quivering with eager receptivity as he answered slowly:

"I find I shall not have to lecture."

The expression of his wife's face altered perceptibly. A little pucker of annoyance contracted her pretty brows, and her lips curved downward with a disappointed, dejected droop. There was even a faint note of distress in her voice as she answered plaintively, "Oh, I thought it was quite settled."

"Nothing but a scientific fact or a mathematical problem can be considered definitely settled," he answered dogmatically; then added in a tone he thought was genial and sympathetic:

"I hope my presence will not inconvenience you or disturb any arrangements you may have made."

"Oh, not at all. Only I— Well, thinking you would not be at dinner and away all the evening, I asked Letty Golightly to come up from Wimbledon and share my loneliness. Of course now, as I know she is not a persona grata, I will telephone and put her off."

"Do not, I entreat. I should much prefer that you should make no alteration in your plans."

And Professor Owen rose, left the room and retired to his study in a very bad frame of mind. The cardiac acerbity was rising most prejudicially to the proper digestion of an excellent dinner.

His wife was right. He did not like Letty Golightly. She was advanced in many ways even for 1920. Yet, with a strange inconsistency, she clung to many pernicious, old fashioned customs, too—skirt dancing, bicycling and a love for music hall songs, among the number—and was engaged to a muscular hussar with a fine mustache and body, but no mind. Serious as these propensities were, there was another fact, which rendered her even more objectionable in the professor's eyes—Miss Golightly possessed an unmarried brother who might have been mistaken for the husband. This brother—alas, for the weakness of great men—was the large cause of the professor's cardiac trouble.

Aristotle Owen sat thinking deeply, until his meditations were disturbed by the tinkling of the telephone bell. Not only every house, but every room possessed its telephone in 1920. He rose and placing his ear to the instrument listened.

"Can you lecture at the People's palace on 'Inchoate Hymenogeny' tomorrow evening at 7 o'clock?" asked the voice of a much esteemed brother scientist.

Aristotle thought for a moment. A flash of inspiration came to him. He placed his lips to the tube.

"Yes, I can. Will you join me here at 6:30?"

The answer was evidently satisfactory, and the professor, with a face from which all uncertainty had vanished, joined his wife in the drawing room.

"I hope you have not put off your friend," he said.

"I telephoned to her, but she was not at home."

"Well, do not alter your arrangements. Blatant has just asked me to lecture at the People's palace on hymenogeny tomorrow at 7. He will call for me at 6:30. We shall have supper in the city, and I shall bring him here to sleep, but we shall not be home till late, certainly not before 12. I have an experiment I wish to try tonight, so do not wait up for me." He returned to his study and was soon deep in various strange preparations.

Pretty Mrs. Owen yawned several times, hummed, pouted, and at last, throwing the novel she was reading on the sofa in disgust, rose to her feet. At that moment the bell of the telephone sounded. She went eagerly to the instrument.

"I am here," said a merry voice. "What do you want?"

"Be sure to come tomorrow evening at 7. Not a moment earlier. I hope Jack is free."

"Jack is free; so is Bob. I shall bring both, without fail. How long is the coast clear?"

"Till 12—better say 11:30."

"Good. Shall catch the 12 train back. By, by!"

With a smile of satisfaction on her lips Mrs. Owen left the room. She leaned over the banisters. The study door was partly open.

"Good night, Aristotle!" she called gayly. "Don't asphyxiate yourself or blow up the house."

"Good night!" her husband answered in a muffled voice of apparent absorption. But he ceased from his labors and listened eagerly till the sound of a closing door reached him. Then he rang the bell, and, telling the servants not to wait up, sat listening silently till they retired to their rooms and silence reigned throughout the house.

Taking up a strange shaped vial, he cautiously left the study, and, ascending the stairs, entered the drawing room. He pressed the electric button. A [illegible] of light illumined the [illegible] locking the door carefully, he went to the window, and, drawing up the blind, stood looking into the street.

A narrow strip of ground faced the house, wherein a few dilapidated and dissipated trees reared their meager branches, almost bare of leaves, but which nevertheless gave the name of gardens to the adjoining street. Having studied the object of his investigation sufficiently, he closed the blind, and, turning, gazed at the room and its furniture. Slowly he took from the table the strange looking vial he had brought with him, into the neck of which he inserted a large spray. With it he squirted a shower of minute drops over the walls and furniture facing the garden. This he did with assiduous care, until every inch was covered with a fine but perfectly even surface of moisture and the air reeked with the fumes of potassium platino cyanide.

He then approached the electric button and, kneeling down, studied the carpet near the doorpost with deep attention. Rising, he crept softly down stairs to the hall door, opened it gently and adjusted something with great care near the left hand doorpost. This done, Professor Owen returned to his study.

The following evening, at 6:30 precisely, Blatant arrived, and after a few vague words to Mrs. Owen he and the professor started. The little woman gave a sigh of relief as the door closed behind them and stepping on to the balcony, with a happy smile on her lips, watched them out of sight.

Helios Gardens, where Professor Owen resided, was dull and little frequented, especially after dark. It was an eminently respectable and quiet neighborhood. Noise and frivolity were not encouraged. But on that evening the drawing room of the professor's house was brilliantly lighted, and thence issued weird, unusual sounds of merry dance music or the refrain of a wild popular ditty was wafted out upon the breeze and made the dull respectability of the encircling gloom shiver with shocked surprise.

Beneath the shadow of the ghostly, skeletonlike trees facing the house a man, enveloped in a large cloak, stood watching the lighted window. A far-reaching, prolonged hiss sounded, and the watching figure drew a curious pear shaped glass globe from beneath his cloak. Holding it carefully in his left hand, he manipulated some hidden machinery with his right, and a strange green glow shone forth.

At the same time another man, crouching in the shadow of the house, crept nearer and nearer to the entrance, then slunk up the steps and stood pressed close against the hall door. The deep obscurity of the porch hid him from the curious eyes of a possible but not probable policeman.

The man beneath the trees saw the window suddenly darken. Still he gazed steadily, holding the globe jealously. Five minutes or more passed. The window was again brilliantly lighted, and a peal of gay laughter sounded on the startled air.

The slinking form glided from the porch, and, turning the corner of the block, was joined by the cloaked figure, and both disappeared in the darkness.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Owen's little dinner had passed off pleasantly. The parti carre had returned to the drawing room. Gay chatter mingled with the clatter of the coffee cups; music and merry songs succeeded the chatter. Two of the four amused themselves at the piano. The others conversed confidentially on the sofa.

Suddenly the brilliant light was extinguished and the room plunged in darkness. So startling was this abrupt change that the occupants of the room sat motionless, breathless, dumb. Then Mrs. Owen's voice rose in a little, tremulous cry of annoyance.

"This horrid electric light! It did the same thing the other night. And yet Aristotle says these are the best burners. I feel so frightened, or I would ring for lights."

"It is very jolly as it is," said a man's voice. "I rather like the dark."

"Ah, but see what a ghostly light is playing over the wall. I believe there is something uncanny in the room," said Letty Golightly in a quivering voice. And in trembling expectation the four waited.

Withrepual suddenness the light blazed forth again, and their nervous fear relieved itself in a burst of laughter.

"Is it not stupid?" said Mrs. Owen.

"Rather embarrassing when the light is turned up so quick," muttered the hussar. "Ought to ring a bell, don't you know."

At 11:30 the door of the professor's house opened. A shrill whistle was heard, which was again repeated. Then two light motor coupes glided up. Into one two figures, a woman's and a man's, entered, a single man mounted the other, and the phantomlike vehicles disappeared into the night.

The lights in the drawing room went out and reappeared in the room above, and as a neighboring clock struck 12 another motor car glided swiftly up to the door, and out of it Aristotle Owen and Blatant stepped. They paused a moment on the porch; then, entering, passed into the study. After some minutes the professor came out alone. He ascended the stairs noiselessly and paused outside his wife's door. All was as silent—as still as death.

He crept down softly, opened the drawing room door, entered and closed it again; then, turning on the light, he stood still, his face quivering, his hands shaking with excitement.

He went to the wall and stripped from it a filmlike paper, which coiled itself up in snaky folds. Peeling the same curious tissuelike substance from a high backed sofa, he held the long rolls with the greatest care, and, pressing the electric button, left the room and returned to his study.

Through the silent hours of the night he and his brother scientist worked.

The first ray of early daylight peeping through the half drawn curtains found them bending over two X ray radiographs and lit up Aristotle's face, full [illegible] ity and horrible disappointment.

His experiment was perfect. There had not been a single hitch in his elaborate arrangements. From his own doorstep he had extinguished the electric light at the exact moment his friend had attached the induction coil to the tube for producing the Roentgen rays. The apparatus being directed at the first door, the figures in the drawing room had been thus placed between the rays and the carefully prepared walls and furniture.

By this clever arrangement Professor Owen had obtained two radiographs of the unconscious occupants of the room.

Here on the table they lay. Yet, though they in part confirmed his suspicions, they helped him not in the least to ascertain with positive accuracy the terrible truth.

The film which he had taken from the wall showed, in clear, ghostly shadows, two skeletons, one seated with arms outstretched as if the bony hands were resting on the keys of a piano, the other bending over the seated form, the bones of one large hand resting on the smaller ones below.

The smaller film, which had been coiled from off the high backed sofa, also bore two skeleton shadows. These were seated, and, alas for the professor's peace of mind, the bony arm of one was round the equally bony waist of the other.

As he gazed upon them his cardiac trouble became so grievous that his speech was staid. Not so his friend's.

"Perfect, perfect!" exclaimed Blatant ecstatically. "These are the best radiographs I have seen produced on the new sensitive film. But, my dear Owen, which are the real lovers and which is your wife?"

He looked up at his friend, his bleared eyes blinking behind his glasses.

"Ah!" said Aristotle Owen, getting his breath at last, with a deep sigh of perplexity. "Which? That is the question. How can a man recognize his wife's bones?"

Blatant stared at him. Slowly—very slowly—he began to realize the terrible perplexity and doubts which troubled his friend's mind.

Then he turned his dull gaze upon the radiographs, and a movement flickered on his lips which, in less learned and more frivolous man, might have been mistaken for a smile. As soon as he could control this curious muscular contortion he said in a voice whose gravity fitted the serious question under discussion.

"Owen, does your wife bicycle? And, if so, has she ever broken a leg?"

"My wife bicycle!" repeated Aristotle in a voice of thunder, which, however, sank into desponding gentleness. "Not to my knowledge. And I am sure she has never broken any bones. But why this question?"

"It is unfortunate she has not," said Blatant, "for even in the radiograph I could detect a fracture of the bone."

"Stay!" cried Owen excitedly. "Jack Golightly broke his right leg near the knee while hunting last year. Look at those legs by the sofa. Has one of them been broken?"

Blatant examined the skeleton shadow closely, then shook his head, discouraged.

"The left knee is crossed over the right, and I cannot see the under bones distinctly enough to ascertain a fracture."

"Look at the legs by the piano!" cried Owen again eagerly.

"Useless, my friend. The left leg is in the same line of focus as the right. Again I cannot discriminate between the separate bones."

Aristotle buried his face in his hands and sat long in painful thought. At last he raised his head and cried like one demented.

"Her rings! Look at the left hands of the female skeletons!"

Blatant shook his head.

"It is no good. Those male skeletons have completely frustrated your design. See, that one standing up has laid his big bones over the smaller ones, and the two seated skeletons have their hands clasped. There is the appearance of a metal object, but I think it is on the bigger bones."

He looked up and met his friend's troubled, anxious eyes with undisguised amusement in his own, and, trying hard to repress the laughter which shook him, he said:

"It is no use this time, Aristotle. You must try again. The experiment was ingenious and interesting, but not convincing. You must insist on your wife wearing a metal anklet or cestus, or some other distinctive ornament. Then repeat this experiment. But I am afraid it is hardly to be expected that the conditions will be as favorable or the results as scientifically satisfactory.—London Truth.

Millet's Wife.

The immediate cause of Millet's ceasing to be a painter of the nude, which sold more or less and kept his family from starvation, was a conversation which he overheard in Paris. But the support in this crisis of his life—which sent him to Barbizon—and during the ghastly privations of the next 25 years came from his wife, a peasant of Normandy like himself. The anecdote of the wife's cheerful decision on the eventful night in Paris has a prominent place in Mrs. Henry Ady's book on Millet.

Millet had lavished all his skill on the modeling of Hagar's form and intended the whole to be a striking study of the nude. Suddenly, when the picture was almost finished, he changed his mind and stopped short.

For one evening as he stood before the lighted window of Deforge's shop he happened to see two young men looking at one of his own pastels, a drawing of a woman bathing, which he had lately sold. One youth asked the other who had painted this picture. His companion replied, "A man named Millet, who never paints anything but naked women."

The words were a shock. His friends had often admired his nude figures and praised his skill in flesh painting. But never until that moment had he realized that his reputation as an artist depended on this kind of work. He went home that evening and said to his wife:

"If you consent, I will paint no more of these. Life will be harder than ever, and you will suffer, but I shall be free and able to do what I have long dreamed of."

The brave woman replied: "I am ready. Do as you will."

The Pneumatic Tire.

In a paper presented lately by A. J. Michelin to the French Society of Civil Engineers the author gives a suggestive account of his experiments with the pneumatic tire and the ordinary wheels. The first experiment was made on three days—that is, when the ground was covered with two inches of snow, also when the snow was melting and then when the ground was muddy. The results showed that when the empty carriage moved at a walk through the snow, the draft or pull required to move it was 35.9 pounds with iron wheels and only 25.2 pounds with pneumatic wheels. While moving at a trot with a load of 660 pounds, the pull was 68.6 pounds and 39.5 pounds respectively. In the mud, under the same conditions of load and speed, the pulls were 35.2 and 50.7 pounds for the iron wheel and 23.1 and 21.2 pounds for the pneumatic tire. Other tests consisted of pulls of varying speeds over macadam, paved and ordinary roads, in all of these the pneumatic tire showing a saving in pulling power of from 30 to nearly 50 per cent. The main feature of interest in Michelin's experiments consisted, of course, in the fact that the actual amount of power required to pull a carriage equipped with pneumatic tires was so much less than when ordinary wheels were used.

Greatest Department Store In the World.

The department store idea is by no means a new one, nor has it reached in this country its highest development. The great establishment in Paris, still pre-eminent of its kind, started in the smallest way in 1852, today transacts a total business of $30,000,000, or more than twice that of any American retail establishment. The greatest advance has been made since it has become strictly co-operative. Not a franc's worth of its stock is held outside of the people in the store, and the leadership of the business is invested in three persons selected from the heads of departments by the vote of the employees—i. e., shareholders—through an election held every three years.—Samuel Hopkins Adams in Scribner's.

Didn't Mean It.

"Henry," said she, "wake up. I believe there is a man in the house."

"Well, what if there is?" said Henry sleepily. "If there were a woman in the house, do you suppose I would go to the trouble of waking you up and telling you about it?"

By this time Henry was awake and explaining.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE SAND BAR TOWN.

ONE OF THE CURIOUS SIGHTS OF A GREAT RIVER.

Hobo Colony on the Island In the "Old Hen" at Memphis—Human Driftwood Whose Principal Occupations Are Fishing, Begging and Indolence.

At Memphis the Mississippi river is nearly 1 1-2 miles wide. Just at the foot of the United States custom house the river bends into the shape of a fowl, and this place is called the "old hen." From the Arkansas side of the river to the mouth of Wolf river, which supplies the city with water, is nearly three miles, and in this mighty bend lies the biggest sand bar in the Mississippi river from mouth to source. The vast bar is more than a mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide, and on this bar is the most interesting colony in America, says a Nashville correspondent.

On cold days, when the stiff northwestern breeze comes down the "old hen," several hundred campfires may be seen on the bar, around which a heavy smoke whirls and rises into the faces of the dozen or more men crouched about each fire, poorly clad, cold and shivering. Men and women from every state are huddled together there, migratory by nature or necessity, indifferent and cheerful.

Their abodes are either the close and dark shanty boats tied to the river's bank, some rudely thrown together hut of driftwood and stray boards, miserable little tents, or, rudest of all, nothing more than a square pen built of logs, in the center of which the fire burns and about the inside edges of which are the men huddled together, lazily passing the hours away. If a census were taken, it would be found that they represent every section and all the large cities, but they generally claim homes in the great Mississippi valley. The Crescent City will secure the increment in the winter months, and when warm weather comes the southern visitors again go north. The unfortunates on the bar constitute the human driftwood of the valley, and they are congregated all the year around on the big bar, which is but a waste of sand covered with logs, branches and debris.

Most of these visitors come to the bar by boat. Those who arrive in this manner generally live in their boats, but others, having left St. Louis in a shanty boat, have met with misfortune, been forced to sell out, and with their surplus have purchased a skiff and a tent and have reached Memphis in an open boat. They soon pitch their tent and are at home. There is a vast number of these transients, however, who are members of the great army of rapid transit devotees, who disdain anything slower than a freight train, who arrive on bumpers, trucks, in cattle cars and "blind baggage." The sand bar is known to all the hoboes of America as a good thing, and it is probably the largest tramp colony in the country, its population being from 400 to 1,200 all the year round. When a hobo strikes the city, he soon learns the whereabouts of the rendezvous and is received into camp with welcome.

The city and certain individuals have been in dispute for many years over the possession of the bar. But the real owners of the bar find a fruitful source of revenue in the squatters who sojourn there. The settlement assumes the character of a small empire. The owner is emperor, and he has his collector, who draws tribute from the men who enjoy his land and his driftwood. Twenty-five cents a week is collected from each tent, hut, pen and shanty boat, and the collector is merciless in dealing with them. Each day the agent comes to the bar and takes a census of its inhabitants. These he notes carefully in a book, and at the end of a week they must pay or be subject to ejection. Fishing, washing, begging and indolence are the occupations of the people, all of whom declare that they are willing to work, but cannot find it.

River men have observed that since the Mississippi has been falling lately the big sand bar which has long threatened the Memphis levee has not only been given a higher surface by new deposits, but has been extended in dimensions until still less of the Memphis side is now navigable. The recent reports of the river commission in the matter of appropriations give nothing favorable to this danger. Two methods have been suggested to remedy it. One contemplates the changing of the mouth of the Wolf river in such a way that the outflowing current would wash away the accumulated bar. The other involves an artificial extension of Hopefield point in such manner as to carry the main current of the river across the sand bar, with the certainty that it could be washed away in a short time. The latter is considered the most feasible plan, though it would cost a great amount of money. Year by year the danger to the city becomes more imminent. Much of the old and most valuable of the river front has been washed away. If succeeding years repeat the inroads of the past, it is a question of only a short time when it will be necessary to construct new levee facilities for the river trade.—Chicago Record.

Great Oratory.

There are many stories of the disappointing effect Wendell Phillips had upon uncultivated persons when they heard him lecture for the first time. With amazement these auditors would note the entire absence of gesture, no ear splitting tones, no frenzies of elocution, only a quiet man, talking in an easy, almost conversational way, and finally ask where the oratory came in. Will the time never come when people will grasp the truth, that great oratory is possible only on great occasions and that at no other time is there any use or demand for it?—Springfield Republican.

The common columbine is among the English common people symbolic of folly.

THE BLOODHOUND.

Interesting Facts About One of the Most Interesting of Dogs.

For stateliness of appearance no breed of dog is comparable to the bloodhound, while the stories attending its unerring pursuit of its quarry have furnished the novelist with material of the most exciting character. But it is a fiction to associate the bloodhound with ferocity. He never worries or mangles what he tracks down. His vocation is to find, and to find only, whether engaged in pursuit of man or of wounded deer.

The bloodhound has figured in history from time immemorial, and no breed of dog has preserved its characteristic points so persistently. The high pointed cranium, the long, pendulous ears, the ample dewlap, the wrinkled forehead, the overhanging flews and even the red haw, or third eyelid, commonly called the sealing wax, may be traced, more or less, in the Talbot hound, the basset, the dachshund and in the Swedish beagle, which last is a miniature bloodhound, though of lighter build. The Count le Conteulx de Cantelen, in his work "Les Races des Chiens Courans Francais," harks back to the famous St. Hubert hounds, black and white, as the recognized progenitors of the breed.

The present writer was particularly impressed by the strong bloodhound type which characterized the packs of French hounds from various provinces exhibited at the international show in Paris in 1878. However, it will be more interesting to leave speculative discussion and come to the regions of fact. In borderland history bloodhounds were compulsorily maintained by each hamlet for tracking the moss troopers after their raids, and till comparatively lately the rural constabulary in England employed bloodhounds to trace sheep and poultry stealers. In Bedale a police superintendent not long ago had a wonderful hound named Voltigeur, which could find his master wherever he might be and at any hour of the night. And this reference suggests the inverse remark that the bloodhound, even as a pup, will pick up the trail of a stranger quite easily and, perhaps, more eagerly than that of his master.

Another interesting fact is that the bloodhound, when alone, hunts mute, but when hunting in a pack he makes music of most delightful melody. His tracking instinct is so keen that he hunts the "clean shoe" as well, if not better, than when the foot of the fugitive has been purposely fouled, and it is a pretty sight to watch a trained hound following his quarry over a fence if the pursuer has gone that way, or under the rails if such has been his course. The training of bloodhounds has not been very persistently followed of late years, but there have been several important trials at Boxmoor, and at the Alexandra palace also. It is noteworthy to remark that the trial at Boxmoor came off when deep snow was on the ground, and that while snow was actually falling the hounds laid on were equally persistent in tracking the quarry. A well trained bloodhound will follow for five miles even after six hours have elapsed since the fugitive started, and although many other trails have crossed the track. But he is frequently at fault over stone flags. It was for this reason that the pursuit of Jack the Ripper by bloodhounds, at one time mooted, was, after a trial, discarded. It was the later Mr. J. Bell's Countess which served as a model to Landseer for his bloodhound in "Dignity and Impudence," and also for his "Sleeping Bloodhound," while the late Sir John Millais' Cromwell figured in more than one of that artist's pictures. Other fine hounds have been Lauth XI, Hector II and Danger. The bloodhound's aristocratic appearance, his invariable good temper and his watchfulness commend him to social notice, while the vulgar idea regarding his ferocity renders him an invaluable companion for ladies and children against the annoyances incidental to the genus tramp.—Sketch.

Reindeer For Alaska.

In northern and central Alaska there are at a moderate estimate 400,000 square miles unadapted to agriculture and cattle grazing, but covered with tundra, a long, fibrous white moss (Cladonia rangiferina), which is the natural food of the reindeer. This area would be capable of supporting 9,000,000 head of deer and would make a useless, barren waste conducive to the wealth and prosperity of the United States. The only way to utilize this tundra moss and convert it into food and clothing for men is by its transformation into deer meat and furs. Besides the fact that reindeer meat is considered a great delicacy and that Russia exports it frozen in carloads to Germany and that the Norwegian Preserving company uses large quantities of it for canning, the skins when tanned are soft and of a beautiful yellow color and have a ready sale with the manufacturers of military pantaloons, gloves, bookbindings and furniture covers. The hair also is in demand for filling life saving apparatus (buoys, etc.), as it possesses a wonderful degree of buoyancy, while the best existing glue is made from reindeer horns.—The Church at Home and Abroad.

Nansen Soured?

Unpleasant gossip about Dr. Nansen is circulating in Stockholm. It is said that his experiences in the north have ruined his temper, soured his disposition and turned him into a moody misanthrope, whose only desire is for solitude. According to these stories, he left the Fram and made his perilous journey on foot over the drifting ice simply to escape the society of his shipmates. This theory has been pushed so far as to make it account for the fact that Mrs. Nansen, instead of living at home with her husband, is making a concert tour of Sweden.

They All Do.

Dombey—When your wife gets angry, won't she speak to you?

Captain Cuttle—She won't do anything else.—Hartford Times.

BARMAIDS IN LONDON

SOME VERY RESPECTABLE GIRLS CHOOSE THIS VOCATION.

One of Them, a Beautiful Irish Lass, Explains Why Many of Them Do So—They Are Looking For Good Matrimonial Catches—Titles Wanted Usually.

Under the title "Feminine Types In London" Jesse Francis Sheppard gives in Le Nouvelle Revue an account of the London barmaids.

"They are recruited," he says, "among the bourgeoise as well as among the lower classes. Some of the most interesting types can be found in the bars or public houses of the west end, close to the fashionable theaters. Among them are very many perfectly respectable girls, who have chosen the career of a barmaid in order to make a living and, especially if they are pretty, to get a chance to catch a rich husband.

"A public house, situated at the angle of one of the principal thoroughfares, is both a gilded palace and a mine of gold. It exercises a strange fascination upon the poor country bumpkins who have just enough to pay for a drink, but the dude coming out of a theater, the country greenhorn, the fashionable snob and the frequenter of the music halls are always to be found there. It is among these that the barmaids hunt for a husband. If there is one class of London society more stupid than another, it is that one which includes the frequenters of the public houses. With a pipe in his mouth and a glass of beer or whisky in front of him the young Englishman, dressed in fashionable style, with a slight and elegant figure and regular features, remains standing for more than an hour paying pretty little compliments to one or several of these ladies.

"The barmaid judges her customers by the cut of their clothes. If you want to attract her attention, you must present yourself with a silk hat and a handsome cane in your hand and a suit cut in the latest fashion. The high hat is de rigueur. Without that there is no possible chance of success.

"It was not without difficulty that I managed to get an interview with one of these young ladies, whose intelligence was equal to her beauty. At first I was astonished at finding so much intelligence in an English girl, but I learned that she was Irish, and that explained the mystery. Her father was dead and her mother was left without resources. So she was determined to come to London and look for a husband by posing behind a bar in Piccadilly.

"'I was hardly more than three days here,' she said with an amiable and roguish air, 'when I understood why it was that so many pretty English girls don't get husbands. When they are beautiful, they are generally stupid. When they are intelligent, they are cold, masculine and ugly. Englishmen travel a great deal and meet in their ramblings through the world very many sprightly women, and they do not care for pretty girls who don't know how to chat with them.'

"'But in this mixture that comes here to drink and chat,' I said, 'how do you distinguish the men of the world from the others?'

"'I recognize them by three things,' she said boldly, 'by their figure, by their clothes and by their complexion. For the most part they are tall and thin, dressed in the latest fashion and have a complexion more or less bronzed. This last trait is the surest sign.' Seeing that I looked astonished, she added: 'Nothing can be more simple. An English gentleman, if he has a fortune, passes three-fourths of his time hunting and in other open air exercise. The chaps who remain always in London have a paler and more delicate complexion, and, moreover, the expression of their faces is quite different from that of the others.'

"Noticing with what attention I was listening to her, she continued: 'The gentlemen that I refer to have nothing elegant about them except their clothes, for their conversation lacks novelty. How can a man who understands nothing but hunting and cricket interest an intelligent woman? The conversation that goes on here in the name of wit makes me tired, but these gentlemen are the easiest of all to deceive. They are great big children in everything except sport and politics.'

"'But you are always engaged,' I said, 'and it is difficult to get an opportunity to chat with you. You must already have had several offers of marriage?'

"'I have been only one month here, and I have already had three. Two were from very rich sportsmen, but riches alone won't do for me. What I am after,' she added, laughing, 'is a title. You know, I must have a title.'

"At this moment the play in one of the neighboring theaters was over, and the public house was invaded by a crowd of men, more or less stylish. The beautiful Irish girl kept herself somewhat aloof and only served customers that had the appearance of gentlemen.

"Well, I left London. A few months afterward, on returning there, I wanted to see once more my beautiful Irish barmaid. She was gone. Another lady was in her place, and she told me that Miss Clara had left to marry the second son of a prominent nobleman."

Addition to Yellowstone Park.

Captain Anderson, superintendent of the Yellowstone National park, says that an effort is being made to secure legislation from congress which would add the Jackson's Hole country to the park. The area which it was proposed to take in is about 50 miles square and contains Jackson's lake and the Three Tuton mountain peaks. It is rich in natural scenery and would, in the opinion of the captain, add materially to the park's attractiveness. Senator Carter of Montana has drafted a bill for that purpose, which has the indorsement of the senators from Montana and Idaho, but the Wyoming senators have not yet been won over.—Omaha Bee.

HE KNEW THE SIGNS.

John Bancks Did Not Have to Be a Mind Reader.

"John," said Mrs. Bancks as she came in from outside radiant with news, "I've been over to Mrs. Smith's for a few minutes"—

"Few minutes," interrupted Mr. Bancks, looking at his watch. "One hour and 20 minutes, for I timed you."

"Well, I like that, John Bancks. Who asked you to keep tally on me?"

"I wanted to go out myself this evening, but it's too late now."

"I just ran over to tell Mrs. Smith"—

"Yes, I know. You just put a shawl over your head like any other neighborhood woman and carried back six eggs you borrowed of her yesterday."

"John"—

"And she told you that Johnny had the mumps and Mrs. Jones' Jimmy had the measles and lent you a pattern of a new sleeve"—

"John Bancks"—

"She also told you that if Smith didn't give up going out nights and stay home with her and the children, she'd pack up and go home to her mother."

"Oh, you listened, did you, John Bancks?"

"I haven't left this chair since you went out. You brought the bowl that you took over the eggs in back with you full of chili sauce and promised to return it when you made yours."

"Before I'd spy on a woman! Supposing I did, is there any harm in it?"

"Not a bit. I only wanted to save you the trouble of repeating what you said to Mrs. Smith and what she said to you. You haven't mentioned the scandal yet."

"What scandal?"

"The one Mrs. Smith whispered to you and told you never to breathe to a soul as long as you lived."

"John Bancks, are you a mind reader?"

"I don't need to be where you and Mrs. Smith are concerned. I know the signs."

"John!"

"Yes, Mary."

"Just tell me one thing. How did you know about the eggs?"

"Heard you tell the dairyman when he called this morning that you wanted six extra to return some you had borrowed."

"Oh! And about the scandal?"

"It's in tonight's paper and has just struck Mrs. Smith."

"Thanks, John Bancks. You have missed your vocation. You would have made a first class detective. Too bad that so much talent should be thrown away on the home circle!" And Mrs. Bancks went out and slammed the door. —Detroit Free Press.

NOT EASILY MOVED.

True Story of What Was Needed to Get a Move on Mr. Blank.

A pretty girl living near New York is affected with a large number of would be beaus, but has no use for any of them. For one, in particular, she had less than no use.

He showed up one evening in a bicycle suit, and while he sat in the parlor with the pretty girl the pretty girl's little brother sewed the bicycle cap firmly down to the corner of the hall table and then dumped all the oil from the caller's bicycle lamp. But Mr. Blank never murmured while he picked the stitches from his cap as he said good night and walked the 2½ miles home without a complaint.

Of course the pretty girl thought that Mr. Blank would never show up again and gave little brother half a dozen bear hugs as a reward for bouncing him. But ten days later Mr. Blank appeared again as if nothing had happened, this time in evening dress with a silk hat. It was an awful hot night, but little brother was on deck just the same, and a thin slice of limburger cheese went under the lining of that hat before the evening was over.

Mr. Blank did not depart until 11:30 that evening, but nothing was ever heard of the cheese. This time the pretty girl and little brother made bets that Mr. Blank would never call again, but Mr. Blank did call again and with a smile on his innocent, round face. At about 9:30 little brother strolled into the parlor and walking up to the clock pushed the hands around a couple of hours ahead and strolled out again silently. Mr. Blank went early that evening and has not been back since.—New York Sun.

Crabs and Lobsters.

In selecting crustaceans the inexperienced housekeeper may be guided by a few easily remembered points. Lobsters that have not been long taken will respond to a pressure of the finger on their eyes with a strong motion of the claws. The heaviest are the best. The cock lobster, though generally smaller, has the higher flavor, the flesh is firmer, and its color, when boiled, is of a deeper red than that of similar characteristics in the hen. The male may be known by his narrow, rather tapering tail, and also from the condition of the two uppermost fins which compose it. These in his case are hard and stiff, while those of the hen are soft, and the tail fan is much broader.

The heaviest crabs are the best, and those of a medium size sweetest. If light, they are watery. When in perfect condition, the joints of the legs are stiff, and the body has an agreeable smell. The eyes, too, should look bright and firmly set. When they have a dead appearance and seem loose, the crab is stale.—New York Post.

Reserve Buds.

Every one has noticed how, when a large branch of a tree is cut off, small branches will shoot out around the stump. These branches are from the reserve buds, of which all trees have a great number at every portion of their surface. Under ordinary circumstances these never come to maturity, but when the tree is wounded or cut off or loses some of its branches the reserve buds at once come into play and renew the foliage.

LIKE A VOLCANIC BUBBLE.

Extraordinary Freak of Nature Near the Mexican City of Puebla.

The Rev. F. S. Bortain of Puebla writes as follows: "It may be of interest to some of the readers of The Herald who visit Puebla to know of one of the less visited attractions in the vicinity of the City of the Angels. I refer to the 'coxcomate.' It is about 20 minutes' distance from Puebla over the street car line to Cholula. Any street car conductor can point it out to the curiosity seeker. It is to the right of the car line, about 500 yards distant.

"It looks from the car window to be a pile of white stones or a well bleached haystack, but upon closer inspection proves to be a tumulus of white calcareous stone, evidently of water formation, about 50 feet in height and 100 feet in diameter at the base. The form is that of a truncated cone. At the apex is an elliptical shaped opening about 25 feet along the minor and 50 feet along the major axis. It is a bell shaped cavity and lined with ferns of various descriptions. I should judge the depth to be at least 100 feet, and at the bottom, so far as is visible, the opening must be 60 feet in diameter. In the bottom, on one side, are to be seen some gorgeous ferns, and on the other side a pool of water.

"Tradition says that the ancient Aztecs were accustomed to worship here the genius of the spot, and occasionally threw in a live victim to appease his subterranean majesty. It is also said that a few victims of the inquisition were thrown down here to reflect upon the controverted points of doctrine. At all events, it is a most singular freak of nature, as it is in the middle of a level plain, or rather a barley field. It looks to have been some volcanic bubble, of which the great Mexican upland is so full, and is well worth a visit on the part of the curious.

"Although I have inquired among my Mexican friends, I have found no one who could tell me the meaning of the name 'coxcomate.'"—Mexican Herald.

AN OLD SALT'S BLUNDER.

He Suffered by Taking Too Much For Granted.

"Experience," said the man who had been telling tales of the sea, "is a great thing. But it gets in the way sometimes. I'll never forget the last shipwreck I was in."

"It must be terrible," said the boy whom he was entertaining, "to be adrift on the ocean."

"It is rather trying to realize that land is miles away, no matter whether you measure sidewise or straight down. But this shipwreck wasn't on the ocean."

"But you said you had sailed the Atlantic?"

"Yes. That's where I got my experience. But it was on Lake Superior that I found myself with nothing to tie to except an old washstand. It was three days before I was picked up."

"Weren't you almost dead?"

"Pretty near."

"From hunger?"

"Partly that, and I suffered some from thirst. But the most of it was humiliation. The first thing I asked for was a drink of water. I had suffered agonies. My throat was parched and my tongue felt like a herring. One of the men in the boat looked at me as if he thought I was delirious, but when I repeated my request he took a tin can, leaned over the side of the boat and dipped me up a drink. Then I realized for the first time that I was on fresh water instead of salt and that there wasn't the least excuse for a sane man's going thirsty a minute. Experience is a great thing, my boy. Never turn up your nose at it. But remember that it is as likely as not to run you into trouble if you haven't common sense as a compass to steer by."—Washington Star.

The Bishop Apologised.

Dr. Temple was wont to rule the diocese of Exeter with an iron hand, and a tale is told of a deanery meeting at which he presided, when the subject for discussion was "The Hindrances to the Spiritual Life of the Diocese." After the discussion had proceeded for some time a vicar electrified his audience by declaring that the greatest hindrance to the full spiritual life was none other than the bishop himself. "I repeat it," said the speaker calmly, "our right reverend father in God is very far from being a father to any of us. Your manner toward us," he continued, turning to the bishop, "is harsh in the extreme, while your method of rule is this: You treat us all, old and young, as if we were a set of schoolboys." This bold statement drew from the bishop an apology, and he explained that beneath his brusqueness of manner was a very genuine sympathy with the work of all the clergy. This impeachment created the more sensation in the meeting because it came from a son of Dr. Temple's predecessor, the famous Henry of Exeter.—Westminster Gazette.

Came Near It.

A certain teacher of a class in a mission Sunday school has a difficult task imparting scraps of religious instruction to her young charges, and often amusing answers are unconsciously returned to questions which she asks. On one occasion she asked her pupils:

"What do the high priests do?"

She received this reply:

"They burned insects before the people."—London Figaro.

Natural Mistake.

"My good man, you shouldn't be sleeping outdoors like this," said the belated citizen.

"None of your clatter now, or I'll take you in!"

"Beg your pardon! I had no idea that you were a policeman."—Detroit Free Press.

The balances in use in our mints are said to be so accurate that they will disclose a difference of one one-thousandth part of a grain.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

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Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

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Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

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Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Mathei's hall, Canalport and Union-avs.

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Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
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DIVISION 6.

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Vice President, John Doody.
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Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

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Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

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Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
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Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
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Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

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Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
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Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

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Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

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Vice President, James F. Murray.
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Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

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Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
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DIVISION 13.

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Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
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Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

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Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

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Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Friday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

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Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday and Third Sunday each month in Leddy's hall, 31st st. and Wentworth av, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4527 Dyer street
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
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Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, 502 Twenty-sixth st.
Financial Secretary, P. [illegible] Donnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Leary.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

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Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

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Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
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Financial Secretary, James Egan.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

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Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
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Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

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Treasurer, William Ryan.
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Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
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DIVISION 30.

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Recording Secretary, Patrick Kern, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
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DIVISION 31.

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Recording Secretary, M. McLaughlin, 515 Carroll av.
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Meets in Nova's hall, Northeast corner Ohio and Green sts.

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Vice President, John Callaghan.
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Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, Patrick Lynch.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays each month in Forester hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av.

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Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
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Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

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Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
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Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

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Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, ames Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

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Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B, 206 LaSalle st.

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Parnell Council No. 26 meets on 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Corcoran's hall, Forty-seventh street and Princeton avenue at 3 p. m. President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State st; Vice-Pres, Joseph J. Healy; Rec. Sec., J. T. Scott, 702 W. Forty-third st.; Fin. Sec., Wm. McNicholas; Treas., Edward Hogan.

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81 South Clark Street, Rooms 10, 12, 14.

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Reason.

"Look at that foolish Mr. Baker, out on a day like this without an umbrella. Is he crazy?"

"I'm afraid he is. Let's hurry on. I don't want to meet him."

"Why not?"

"He may recognize this umbrella. It's his."—Pick Me Up.

Some English genealogists pretend that there is a family line of union connecting Queen Victoria with Alfred the Great.

It was formerly the custom among English cloth dealers to add the breadth of the thumb to the yard measure.

GRAND MILITARY BALL.

The 21st Annual Reception and Ball Will Be Given by the 1st and 2nd Battalion

Clan-na-Gael Guards,

Consisting of Companies A, B, C, D, E and F, On

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1897,

AT

BATTERY "D" ARMORY.

TICKETS, - - ADMITTING LADY AND GENTLEMAN, - - 50 CENTS

Music by PROF. KENNEDY'S Band. An Excellent Dancing Programme will be provided by the committee. Nothing will be left undone to make this the greatest event of the season.

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